

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XXIX. }

No. 1862.—February 21, 1880.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXLIV.

## CONTENTS.

|   |  |     |
|---|--|-----|
| I. THE PROGRESS OF TASTE, . . . . .                                   | <i>Quarterly Review,</i> . . . . .     | 451 |
| II. ADAM AND EVE. By the author of "Dorothy Fox." Part V., . . . . .  | <i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . . . .       | 471 |
| III. SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, . . . . .                                      | <i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .           | 483 |
| IV. FUCINUS: A LOST LAKE AND A NEW FOUND LAND, . . . . .              | <i>New Quarterly Review,</i> . . . . . | 493 |
| V. HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part X., . . . . . | <i>Advance Sheets,</i> . . . . .       | 498 |
| VI. THE CIVIL CODE OF THE JEWS, . . . . .                             | <i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> . . . . .    | 506 |
| VII. REVOLUTIONARY LAUGHTER, . . . . .                                | <i>Graphic,</i> . . . . .              | 511 |

## POETRY.

|                      |     |                              |     |
|----------------------|-----|------------------------------|-----|
| ADORATION, . . . . . | 450 | ATHANATOS, . . . . .         | 450 |
| ROSES, . . . . .     | 450 | IRISH LAMENTATION, . . . . . | 450 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## ADORATION.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."

PSALM cxlv. 10.

GOD hath his solitudes, unpeopled yet,  
Save by the peaceful life of bird and flower,  
Where, since the world's foundation, he hath  
set  
The hiding of his power.

Year after year his rains make fresh and green  
Lone wastes of prairie, where, as daylight  
goes,

Legions of bright-hued blossoms all unseen  
Their carven petals close.

Year after year unnumbered forest leaves  
Expand and darken to their perfect prime;  
Each smallest growth its destiny achieves  
In his appointed time.

Amid the strong recesses of the hills,  
Fixed by his word, immutable and calm,  
The murmuring river all the silence fills  
With its unheeded psalm.

From deep to deep the floods lift up their  
voice,  
Because his hand hath measured them of  
old;

The far out-goings of the morn rejoice  
His wonders to unfold.

The smallest cloudlet wrecked in distant  
storms,  
That wanders homeless through the summer  
skies,

Is reckoned in his purposes, and forms  
One of his argosies.

Where the perpetual mountains patient wait,  
Girded with purity, before his throne,  
Keeping from age to age inviolate  
Their everlasting crown;

Where the long-gathering waves of ocean  
break

With ceaseless music o'er untrodden strands,  
From isles that day by day in silence wake,  
From earth's remotest lands,

The anthem of his praise shall uttered be;  
All works created on his name shall call,  
And laud and bless his holy name, for he  
Hath pleasure in them all.

Sunday Magazine.

MARY ROWLES.

## ROSES.

A CRIMSON rosebud into beauty breaking;  
A hand outstretched to pluck it ere it fall;  
An hour of triumph, and a sad forsaking;  
And then, a withered rose-leaf — that is all.

A maiden's heart that knoweth not love's dart-  
ing;

A voice that teacheth love beyond recall;  
An hour of joy — an hour of bitter parting;  
And then, a broken heart — and that is all.

Chambers' Journal.

## ATHANATOS.

"The trees look like winter," she said, "but the grass  
is like the spring."

OUT in the air the trees are naked;  
The hills are warm in the autumn sun;  
The boughs are gray in the leaden sky,  
But the grass is green, though the leaves are  
gone.

Daily and yearly the frost is falling —  
Rolling and rolling the world goes on;  
The head is gray and the eyes are fading —  
But the heart is young, though the years are  
gone.

White as age is the snow on the hillside;  
Melting not in the winter sun,  
Far beneath is the warm sun growing —  
The grass will be green when the snow is  
gone.

Smiles, like a frozen rainbow, glisten  
Under the tears, as time goes on.  
Green are the graves where death lies hidden;  
For love is young, though the loved are  
gone.

Cold are the trees where the winds are wail-  
ing;  
Warm is the ground, and the shining sun;  
Heaven and earth are growing together —  
The grass is green, though the leaves are  
gone.

Closer and closer we cling to our mother, —  
Warmed in her bosom, when life is done;  
The heart in the earth and the soul in heaven;  
The grass is green, though the leaves are  
gone.

FRANK PHELPS.

## IRISH LAMENTATION.

COLD, dark, and dumb lies my boy on his bed;  
Cold, dark, and silent the night dews are shed;  
Hot, swift, and fierce fall my tears for the  
dead!

His footprints lay light in the dew of the  
dawn

As the straight, slender track of the young  
mountain fawn;  
But I'll ne'er again follow them over the  
lawn.

His manly cheek blushed with the sun's rising  
ray,  
And he shone in his strength like the sun at  
midday;  
But a cloud of black darkness has hid him  
away.

And that black cloud forever shall cling to the  
skies:

And never, ah, never, I'll see him arise,  
Lost warmth of my bosom, lost light of my  
eyes!

Spectator.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

From The Quarterly Review.

# THE PROGRESS OF TASTE.\*

THE title of Mr. Carr's book is a misnomer. It leads us to expect technical criticism, and technical criticism implies a recognition of established principles of art. Each of the arts has its boundaries, and is governed by its proper laws, which have at different times been more or less accurately defined by its professors. The "Discourses" of Sir Joshua Reynolds are essays on art, for they define the laws of painting, and illustrate by particular instances the way in which these laws have been observed or violated. The laws of poetry are much less surely established than those of painting: still, from the time of Aristotle downwards, certain cardinal principles have been recognized as regulating poetical practice. A critic therefore is naturally expected either to apply the known rules of art to the work which he is judging, or, if he tests this by some standard which has not hitherto been employed, to take the greatest pains to make his readers understand what this standard is.

Now we may say confidently that Mr. Carr's standard of criticism is entirely new. It has long been held by the greatest critics that all the arts appeal to the imagination in different ways; and Sir Joshua Reynolds in his Tenth Discourse maintains that those masters who seek to extend the sphere of their own art, by imitating the effects peculiar to another, commit a fatal error. Mr. Carr, however, is of a directly contrary opinion. He praises Keats, for instance, because he composed like a painter.

He [Keats] desired to see life in its *outlines*, not to do battle with any moralities; he cared more for the constant *forms* of the world, its old and unchanging passions, than for the new phases of its intellectual doubt or ambition upon which other poets seized so sympathetically.

This of course cannot possibly mean that Keats had any dramatic power, for in this respect he is obviously deficient. Mr. Carr must mean — what is the case —

that Keats sought to produce with words effects analogous to those which the painter produces with form and color. In the same way he notes in the style of the French painter Corot the sacrifice of color to tone, and, accepting the practice as a final fact, without regard to its legitimacy, he explains it by saying, "His pictures are in reality *songs*, sent forth from the grey clouds that overspread the world of his art." We suppose that no man who is content to judge of external objects by the light of common sense and the standard of reason, would maintain that the laws proper to the art of music can be fitly applied to the art of painting. But Mr. Carr does not profess to adopt the measure of common sense. His mode of perception and his method of judgment are alike peculiar to himself, and are as remote as possible from the practice of old-fashioned critics. To judge of any work by fixed laws of art intelligible to the gross and common reason is by no means his intention, as may be seen from the following passage in his volume describing Albert Dürer's design of the "Virgin with the Monkey," which, as it illustrates aptly a species of taste that we propose to discuss in this article, we extract at length: —

In studying its beauty and in marking its absolute precision of workmanship we encounter again the two qualities whose union gives to Dürer's art its extraordinary control over our spirits. In this simple scene, made up of the commonest materials, all is familiar, and yet, by some magic of art, the familiar things seem distant and remote. By a thousand signs of patient labor we may know that the contact with nature is close and absolute; every minutest fact is stamped with individual existence; all the parts of the landscape — the wide expanse of idle water, the narrow house against the sunset sky, the rough banks with their image mirrored in the stream, and the old boat moored to the side — are revealed with the vivid and literal exactness only to be given by a witness keen to perceive all the delicate details of his subject and strong to reproduce them in his work. Nevertheless all these minute realities seem here to inhabit an ideal and distant world. They are brought near to us in the shapes of a dream, but they escape all common touch and refuse all common sympathy. It is impossible to deny, it is

\* *Essays on Art*. By J. Comyns Carr. London, 1879.

impossible quite to explain, the source of the profound ideal significance of such a design. Here, no less than in the most difficult of his compositions, is hidden the secret of Dürer's power over nature, as well as of his dominion over our minds. Nothing is exaggerated or deliberately forced for an effect, and from one point of view the drawing seems no more than a literal copy of the materials spread out before the artist. But as we gaze longer, and look deeper, it takes a grandeur and solemnity of effect that is beyond the reach of mere literal imitation. Though no individual fact of nature is lost or changed, there is about the whole picture a profound sadness and desolation. The silent distance of quiet water looks as if it had never served any purpose but to mirror the sky above; the tufts of grass growing on the low, barren shores, with each blade sharply outlined, have the appearance of things not merely seen, but stamped eternally in remembrance; and the few signs of human life, the lonely house and the deserted boat that lies upon its shadow in the stream, only strengthen the impression of remoteness and sadness, the look as of something seen long ago and minutely remembered.

We ask our readers carefully to examine the method of this criticism. Albert Dürer, it is well known, besides possessing a dexterity of hand almost unequalled by any other painter, was a most faithful and literal transcriber of individual nature; and all that Mr. Carr says about the fidelity of the representation, as shown in the rendering of the house, the boat, the smooth water, and the clear reflections, is doubtless true. Dürer, again, was a remarkable ideal designer, and criticism illustrative of the meaning in such works as his "Melancholy" would be interesting and instructive. But where is the ideal to be found in a study that is admitted to be a literal copy of a particular scene? A house, a boat lying in its shadow, on a rushgrown river; when we have enumerated these objects what more is to be said about them? Mr. Carr, indeed, will have it that there is a great deal to be said. He declares that under this apparent realism there is to be discovered "a profound ideal;" that the simple composition he describes is intended to produce "a grand and solemn effect;" that the minute details of the picture seem to be images

from "some ideal and distant world;" and that the general impression which Dürer wished to leave on the mind was one "of remoteness and sadness, the look as of something seen long ago and minutely remembered." But is it not evident that in making these criticisms the critic is not really explaining anything in the picture itself; that he is, in fact, only analyzing an impression of his own mind? He gives us an essay not on art, but on taste.

If judgments of this kind involved nothing but a question of private taste, it would not be worth while to discuss them. Every man is at full liberty to impart to others his own impression of things. But there are wider issues at stake. Mr. Carr is a representative man. The position of trust which he occupies in the management of the Grosvenor Gallery gives his name weight with the critical world. His essays are republished from influential organs in the press, which are read by the more refined portion of society. His style, moreover, is marked by sobriety and self-restraint, and is not disfigured by that air of aggressiveness, that failure to distinguish between the relative importance of the individual and society, which is a somewhat too familiar characteristic in the school of criticism to which he belongs. None the less decided, however, is his contempt for all opinion outside his own charmed circle, or for that tradition of authority on which such opinion may rest. His verdicts, though he does not seek to establish them by any train of reasoning, are delivered with an air which shows that they are considered to be final and absolute. In his criticism on Dürer, for instance, he says: "The source of the profound ideal significance of such a design cannot be explained." Yet he tells us positively what the "ideal significance" is. "The true meaning of the picture," he says again, "escapes all common touch, and refuses all common sympathy." But it does not elude his own perception; he is fully persuaded that he is writing an essay on Dürer's *art*. Here then we have a typical illustration of the attitude maintained by the professors of what is called "cul-



ture" towards ordinary society. We have among us a school of artists, poets, and critics, who live in an atmosphere of exquisite superiority, like that represented by Molière in "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*." They claim to have finer feelings than their neighbors, and use a dialect of their own, while they keep the Gorgibus of the day at arm's length with a "*Vous devriez un peu vous faire apprendre le bel air des choses*." Such a state of things opens some curious questions. Does the superiority of this select priesthood really exist? Is it possible by the mere cultivation of the perception to acquire a kind of sixth sense of the sublime and beautiful, to which mere natural instinct must ever be a stranger? Or is it rather the case that those who plume themselves on their "clairvoyance" have not necessarily any more, have indeed often much less, knowledge of nature than their neighbors, and mistake for objects what is really nothing but their own peculiar association of ideas? The answer to this question must be sought in the constitution of the human mind, and in the development of our own society; and it appears to us therefore that to estimate the significance of modern taste, we ought to have a knowledge of the different stages through which English criticism has passed. Such an historic method of enquiry must raise the entire question of the foundations of taste; and it will help to show us whether the belief that the absolute in art can be perceived is well founded, or whether the critical axioms and dogmas based upon it are merely the reflection of a particular phase of mind.

But before we start on our enquiry we think it will be very pertinent to ask those who rely on the infallible judgments of culture to consider the opposite conclusions at which minds of keen sensibility and trained intelligence have arrived in judging of the same object. Let us first of all listen to the opinion of Horace Walpole on the old Italian style of garden architecture:—

Art in the hands of rude man had at first been made a succedaneum to nature; in the hands of ostentatious wealth it became the means of opposing nature; and the more it

traversed the march of the latter, the more nobility thought its power was demonstrated. Canals measured by the line were introduced in lieu of meandering streams that imperceptibly unite the valley to the hill. Balustrades defended these precipitate and dangerous elevations, and flights of steps rejoined them to the subjacent flats from which the terrace had been dug. Vases and sculptures were added to these unnecessary balconies, and statues finished the lifeless spot with mimic representations of the excluded sons of men.

A generation later the same style is thus eulogized by Sir Uvedale Price, a writer who, for delicacy of perception and expression, deserves, when he is at his best, to be ranked with White of Selborne:—

Where architecture, even of the simplest kind, is employed on the dwellings of man, art must be manifest; and all artificial objects may certainly admit, and in many instances require, the accompaniments of art; for to go at once from art to simple and unadorned nature is too sudden a transition, and wants that sort of gradation and congruity which, except in particular cases, is so necessary in all that is to please the eye and the mind. Many years are elapsed since I was in Italy, but the impression which the gardens of some of the villas near Rome made upon me is by no means effaced, though I could have wished to have renewed it, before I entered on this subject. I remember the rich and magnificent effects of balustrades, fountains, marble basons, and statues, blocks of ancient ruins, with remains of sculpture, the whole mixed with pines and cypresses. I remember also their effect both as an accompaniment to the architecture and as a foreground to the distance.

Now we are not at all prepared to conclude from this divergency of taste, on the one hand, that the judgment of either Walpole or Price must have been wrong, or, on the other, that there is no positive distinction to be drawn between good taste and bad. For it is to be observed that the two judges are not at issue upon a point of ultimate perception; they only differ in their points of view. And their contradictory sentences do not by any means prove that there are not permanent sources of pleasure in external objects. What we rather infer from them is, that while the laws of nature and art remain unchanged, the law of the human mind,

like the law of the human body, and of human society, involves growth and development, and that in its progress new instincts, feelings, and associations are constantly accruing which modify its perceptions of external objects. In other words, Addison's axiom is incontrovertible, "The taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste." And the whole and sole question is, whether we can find any permanent standard in the constitution of the mind by reference to which we may say with some sort of authority that such and such perceptions of intellectual taste are right or wrong.

All art implies the adaptation of means to ends. In the useful arts of life, the end is man's convenience; and as there can be little or no question wherein this consists, there is comparatively little dispute about the standard of excellence in these arts. The end of the fine arts is pleasure, but in their origin the pleasure they excite is always the prelude to some ulterior use or action. Thus the poems of Homer were doubtless due, not only to the natural instinct of imitation, but to the need, which the minds of men experienced, in the martial ages of Greece, of some ideal incentive to valor and patriotism. The drama of Athens, like that of England, arose out of the practices of religion. Greek sculpture and Italian painting derived their sense of beauty and sublimity from the devotional subjects to which their attention was at first confined. Afterwards, as the religious sense grew weaker, and the desire for novelty and variety increased, men began to look rather to the pleasure which they derived from the capacities inherent in the arts themselves, and more or less lost sight of the great ends which these had once served. In the earlier stages of the art the artist produced his work without systematic reflection on laws and principles, simply because his whole mind was bent upon the end in view. When, however, the perception of the end grew less distinct, men naturally fell to reasoning about its nature, and this was the origin of criticism. The great original of inspiration was never quite lost to sight; for, differ as they may about first principles, all critics agree in this, that art is based upon nature. And beyond this, those critics who live nearest to the ages of direct inspiration are generally agreed in looking for the standard of fine art in utility, or in the natural fitness of things, arguing either from the analogy of the useful arts, or from a belief in the divine

origin of nature on which all art is based. Writers of such a period generally view nature through a somewhat artificial medium. For instance, the first really philosophical essay in English criticism (criticism, that is to say, based on an enquiry into the constitution of the mind) was, we think, Addison's disquisition on "The Pleasures of the Imagination." The principles of this enquiry are founded on Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding;" and, though neither novel nor profound, are set forth with such beautiful clearness that the justice of the reasoning is at once apparent. But, in point of perception, we may see how far removed Addison's feelings were from our own when we find him saying that "the works of nature are still more pleasant the more they resemble those of art." Nevertheless, his taste was distinctly opposed to the formal style, which valued art in proportion as — to use Walpole's expression — "it traversed the march of nature."

I do not know [says Addison], whether I am singular in my opinion, but for my own part I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriance and diffusion of boughs and branches, rather (*sic*) than when it is cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful than all the little labyrinths of the most finished parterre.

Pope, in "The Guardian," dealt as unsparingly as Addison with the practice of "sculpturing" evergreens. Principles like Addison's, too, underlie all his observations in the "Epistle to the Earl of Burlington," good taste being placed in the following of nature, false taste being shown in the display of art and magnificence, without reference to any particular end. His standard was limited to reason and common sense;

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,  
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven.

His taste, like Addison's, betrays the artificial atmosphere of the time, but it is equally indicative of that subjective view of nature which was beginning to prevail. The following lines, which contain the germ of the English principle of landscape gardening, afterwards applied by Kent, will illustrate our meaning: —

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,  
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,  
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,  
In all let Nature never be forgot;  
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,  
Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare.

Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,  
Where half the skill is decently to hide.  
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,  
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

We see then that, in this early stage of criticism, the standard of taste is really defined by an idea of fitness or utility, derived partly from the analogy of the useful arts, and partly from a general belief in final causes. But a standard so simple soon proved inadequate to satisfy either the more curious investigators of the laws of the mind, or the critical reflection of the artist. A new race of enquirers arose, who, abandoning the vague generalities of prevailing taste, sought to trace to their source our perceptions of the beautiful and the sublime. The first pioneer of this new movement was, we think, Hogarth. Possessed of the highest powers of observation and expression, Hogarth had listened with contempt to the idle talk of connoisseurs on the inexplicable character of beauty and grace, and his "Analysis of Beauty" was intended to demonstrate that the effect of visual beauty was caused entirely by the just distribution and variation of the serpentine line. As a technical treatise it is needless to say that his essay is full of learning and ingenuity, and his description of the simple method on which he composed a sketch of a country-dance may be quoted, from a work now little read, as a sample of his mode of reasoning:—

The two parts of curves next to Fig. 71 served for the figures of the old woman and her partner at the end of the room. The curve and two straight lines at right angles gave the hint for the fat man's sprawling posture. I next resolved to keep a figure within the bounds of a circle, which produced the upper part of a fat woman, between the fat man and the awkward one in a bag-wig, for whom I made a sort of an X. The prim lady his partner, in the riding-habit, by pecking back her elbows as they call it from the waist upwards, made a tolerable D, with a straight line under it to signify the scanty stiffness of her petticoat; and a Z stood for the angular position the body makes with the legs and thighs of the affected fellow in the tye-wig; the upper part of his plump partner was confined to an O, and this, changed into a P, served as a point for the straight lines behind. The uniform diamond of a card was filled up by the flying dress, etc., of the little capering figure in the spencer wig; whilst a double L marked the parallel position of his poking partner's hands and arms; and lastly the two waving lines were drawn for the more genteel turns of the two figures at the hither end.

But undoubtedly the most profound

and suggestive work in the region of early English criticism is Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." In spite of its many errors of detail, it is surprising to think that a treatise composed before the author was twenty should evince a knowledge of human nature which has never since been surpassed. Burke derived our ideas of the sublime and the beautiful from two main principles in the mind, one regarding self, and the other society. From the instinct of self-preservation he deduced our notions of the sublime, which he conceived to be founded on the emotion of terror; while the idea of beauty he referred to the passion of love originally rising from the intercourse of the sexes. We believe Burke's account of the sense of the beautiful to be fundamentally correct; and though we doubt whether terror is absolutely essential to the idea of the sublime, still it is indisputable that the instinct of self-preservation is the most radical in our nature, while the perception of sublimity is one of the earliest characteristics of art. Not content, however, with explaining our imaginative perceptions by the principle of pleasure and pain, Burke's curious and searching intelligence pursued the enquiry into the physical world, and sought for the efficient causes of our passions in nature herself. "Pain and fear," he says, "*consist* in any unnatural tension of the nerves;" and from this source, therefore, he derived our original ideas of the sublime! Beauty, on the other hand, "acts by relaxing the solids of the whole system;" and this is the efficient cause of pleasure!

It is a remarkable proof of the power of self-love that men of such genius and sagacity as Hogarth and Burke should, in their enthusiasm for their own theories, have so entirely overlooked the inadequacy of the conclusions at which they arrived. The former no doubt had noted with an artist's eye the external forms in which the idea of beauty is conveyed; the latter was equally happy in analyzing into their simpler elements the complex ideas of the mind. But their speculation carried them only to the *conditions* of things and feelings; they came no nearer to the real cause of perception than Addison or Pope; and it is not less wonderful that the painter of the "Marriage à la Mode" should have failed to perceive that all the *expression* in the simple lines of his country-dance proceeded from his own mind, than that the great panegyrist of chivalry should have imagined himself

able to resolve human sentiment into fluids and solids. Both critics overlooked or underrated the law of association, though Burke showed that he was to a certain extent conscious of the difficulties it opposed to his enquiry.

It is no small bar [says he] in the way of our enquiry into the cause of our passions, that the occasion of many of them are (*sic*) given, and that their governing motions are communicated at a time when we have not capacity to reflect on them; at a time at which all sort of memory is worn out of the mind.

It is indeed impossible for the mind to perceive the immediate impressions of sense before they are colored by the understanding or the imagination; and all that we can really achieve, in the analysis of a complex idea, is to observe the more simple ideas of which it is composed, and which we believe to originate in some permanent, though unknown, qualities in external nature. The exaggerations to which Burke's theory committed him did much to discredit his conclusions. But the novelty and curiosity of his speculations directed attention to the intricacies of human thought. They exercised, too, a considerable influence in modifying the standard of taste. The ideal of fitness and utility, which had prevailed in the age of Addison and Pope, began to disappear, and in its stead men were content to note the existence of fundamental perceptions in their own nature, and the qualities in external objects to which these appeared to correspond.

A still more powerful influence in completing the revolution in taste was the development of the art of painting. It is observable that Addison and Pope, in considering the pleasures of the imagination, dwell chiefly on natural objects, or on such arts as architecture and landscape-gardening, which are to a great extent regulated by canons of utility. But painting, which had been brought by the Italians to a state of mechanical perfection, in which the old religious origin of the art was entirely lost, presented itself as a new luxury to the English imagination, and stimulated all those cravings for variety which wealth, refinement, and civilization never fail to produce. A quickened perception of the beautiful, marked by a keen sensibility and a romantic love of the past, began to pervade society, and found an apt exponent in Sir Uvedale Price, whose once well-known "Essay on the Picturesque" may be regarded as one of the landmarks of English criticism.

The intimate friend of Reynolds and Gainsborough, deeply imbued himself with the love of painting, and guided by an instinctive refinement, Price was shocked at the enormities which he saw perpetrated in the region of landscape-gardening by the followers of the notorious "Capability" Brown. He saw the old-fashioned formal gardens of England, consecrated as they were with all the charm of association, being ruthlessly destroyed in obedience to what were supposed to be the first principles of taste, while noble avenues of oaks were cut down without remorse whenever they interfered with the symmetrical line of Brown's regulation park "belt." He accordingly published his essay as protest against this systematic vandalism, and was led by his argument to raise issues which have continued to divide the opinion of the critical world down to our own day.

In the course of his enquiry, he observed that the idea in the mind described by the word "picturesque" is quite different from the idea of the "beautiful;" for, as he says, many ugly objects are undoubtedly picturesque. Following the example of Burke, he therefore classified the "picturesque" as a radical perception, and sought for its efficient cause in external nature. And as Burke had found the most essential qualities of beauty to be smoothness, gradual variation, and flowing lines, so his disciple was "persuaded that the two opposite qualities of roughness and of sudden variation, joined to that of irregularity, are the most efficient causes of the picturesque." Price, whose merit lay chiefly in the niceness of his observation and the charm of his style, had little of Burke's philosophical acumen, otherwise he would certainly have been startled at such a classification as the sublime, the beautiful, and the *picturesque*. Words descriptive of the two former ideas occur in the languages of antiquity; while the word "picturesque," adapted from the Italian *pittresco*, is, we believe, not older than the sixteenth century, and has not been naturalized even in all the languages of Europe. Price, however, satisfied with proving the inadequacy of the current definition of the word — viz., "that which pleases the eye from some quality capable of being illustrated in painting" — assured himself that "the picturesque has a character not less separate and distinct than either the sublime or the beautiful, nor less independent of the art of painting."

Now there is much in Price's theory which we think is perfectly true. It was quite worth while, for the sake of accuracy, to note the difference in our perceptions of what is beautiful and picturesque. We hold him, too, to be entirely right as against such antagonists as Payne Knight, who argued that "the full-grown pine or ilex of Claude is not less picturesque than the stumpy, decayed pollard of Rubens and Rembrandt; nor the shaggy, worn-out cart-horse of Morland and Asselyn more so than the pampered war-horse with luxuriant mane and flowing tail which we justly admire in the pictures of Wouvermans." Nor have we any fault to find with the ample and ingenious illustrations by which Price supports his proposition that the chief characteristics of picturesque objects are roughness and irregularity. His mistake lies, we think, in his endeavor to exclude the influence of the mind itself from the formation of its own perceptions. It is of course true (Knight's absurd contention notwithstanding, that no persons have perceptions of the picturesque except those who have studied the painter's art) that our ideas of the picturesque are largely caused by natural qualities in objects themselves. But it is inconceivable that so extremely subtle and complex an idea as the picturesque should be entirely caused by such simple qualities as roughness and irregularity. Had Price classified rightly, the perceptions he would have opposed to each other would have been, we think, the *sculpturesque* and the picturesque: for the picturesque really means that which can *only* be represented in painting. Painting and sculpture have certain capacities in common. Both represent form, and painting can suggest the idea of relief which sculpture imitates directly; but color, light, and shade are elements of variety which painting adds to the simpler means of sculpture; and these resources of the art, appealing immediately to the senses, produce pleasure by a thousand inexplicable laws of association. Price erred, like Burke, in ignoring this law of association, and in seeking the cause of picturesqueness only in the qualities of external objects.

But his error was venial compared with that of the succeeding school of critics by whom his principles were opposed: for neither he nor Burke disallowed the influence of association. And indeed they would doubtless have been prepared to admit that, in one sense, our knowledge was entirely dependent on the association

of our ideas. When Price, for instance, argued that irregularity and roughness were the efficient causes of the picturesque, he did not intend to say more than that, whenever the idea of the picturesque was present in the mind, the only ideas invariably included in it were roughness and irregularity; and that, as these ideas were assumed to correspond with qualities in external objects, they might therefore be called the causes of the picturesque. A set of philosophers, however, now appeared who denied to external nature any share in the production of the idea of beauty, which they affirmed to be originated solely by association. The views of this school were fully expounded in an article by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*, which was afterwards embodied in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" under the word "Beauty."

Jeffrey, whom we take as the representative of the new principles of taste, began his argument by advancing two considerations, which he represented as absolutely fatal to "the notion of beauty being a simple sensation, or the object of a separate and peculiar faculty." The first of these objections was that men completely equipped with all the faculties of judgment failed to agree among themselves as to the existence of beauty in particular objects. For instance, he said, the standard of female beauty is utterly different in different countries; what appears beautiful to one age is ridiculous to the next; and the perceptions of individuals vary infinitely according to their rank, education, or disposition. The second, and as he considered the still more forcible, objection was the vast variety of objects to which the term "beauty" was applied, differing from each other in character and appealing to different senses. Thus a tree and a woman may both be called beautiful, though their forms are completely different; and the term may be applied also to a palace or a waterfall, or a poem, or a mathematical theorem, or a mechanical contrivance.

Having thus, as he thought, disproved the existence of beauty in external objects, he proceeded to expound his own theory:—

Beauty is not an inherent property or quality of objects at all, but the result of the accidental relations in which they may stand to our experience of pleasures or emotions; and does not depend upon any particular configuration of parts, proportions, or colors, in external things, nor upon the unity, coherence,



or simplicity of intellectual creations—but merely upon the associations which, in the case of every individual, may enable these inherent and otherwise indifferent qualities to suggest or recall to the mind emotions of a pleasurable or interesting description. It follows, therefore, that no object is beautiful in itself, or could appear so antecedent to our experience of direct pleasures or emotions; and that, as an infinite variety of objects may thus reflect interesting ideas, so all of them may acquire the title of beautiful, although utterly diverse and disparate in their nature, and possessing nothing in common but this accidental power of reminding us of other emotions.

And again:—

The power of taste is nothing more than the habit of tracing those associations by which almost all objects may be connected with interesting emotions.

Now as regards Jeffrey's first objection, the mere variation in the standard of beauty no more disproves the existence of a faculty for discerning beauty, than conflicting codes of morality in different ages and countries show that man has no inherent power of distinguishing between right and wrong. All that is said about the divergencies in the European and Hottentot ideals of beauty may be granted; climate, custom, and education exert an almost unlimited influence in modifying primal instincts: but the question is, if we could clear away all the points of dissimilarity, might we not arrive at some common element in the two distinct national standards which would argue a common origin in nature? The presumption, we think, is all in this direction. "We have seen," says Jeffrey, "that the error of almost all preceding enquirers has lain in supposing that everything that passed under the name 'beautiful' must have some real and inherent quality in common with everything else that obtained that name." Why should this be an error? Do not all general names imply the existence of common qualities in the class of objects they denote? And if so, how does the word "beauty" come to be the solitary exception to this rule? Would it not be more philosophical to trace the word "beauty" to its ultimate source, and see how it is that every language has some equivalent to express the same idea? And we think that the result of such an enquiry would undoubtedly be to prove that the idea of beauty, in its simplest signification, is inseparably connected with the idea of love. The probability

therefore is that, if it were possible for us to push our analysis to the root of things, we should find some common physical basis for the idea; while the variety of circumstances and constitutions would be quite sufficient to account for the diversities of perception which have sprung out of the original germ.

This being so, the answer to Jeffrey's second argument is obvious; for the word "beauty," though in the first place applied to objects of form and color, closely associated in the mind with the experience of love, would, as society became more intellectual and refined, be gradually extended to analogous emotions of the intellect, and to similar pleasures derived through the other senses. We see, for instance, how completely physical passion was the basis of Plato's abstract conception of the intellectual Eros. And sailors, when they speak of their ship as "a beauty" (meaning that it has good sailing qualities) and as of the feminine gender, are evidently employing the language of love. So too those poets, painters, and musicians who are pre-eminent for their sense of beauty—such as Virgil, Correggio, and Mozart—have all a kind of likeness to each other in the instinctive grace of their form, which makes it easy to see why a word originally expressive of the emotions of love should be subsequently transferred to the kindred ideas suggested by art.

If we were to accept Jeffrey's theory as correct, if we were to hold that beautiful objects may be "utterly diverse and disparate in their nature, and possess nothing in common but the accidental power of reminding us of other emotions"—where would be the use of the word "beauty"? Why should we take the trouble to call such objects anything but pleasant, or charming, or delightful? Jeffrey certainly suggests no reason; on the contrary, throughout his argument in support of his own theory, he invariably assumes that the term "beautiful" has no real specific meaning, but that it is convertible with "pleasant." We have not space to examine what appears to us the superficial and involved reasoning with which he supports his paradox, but the following extract will show how, under the guise of apparently deep philosophy, he completely evades the real problem:—

Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape—green meadows with grazing and ruminating cattle—canals or navigable rivers—well-fenced, well-cultivated fields—neat, clean, scattered cottages—hum-



ble, antique churches with churchyard elms, and crossing hedgerows — all seen under bright skies and in good weather: there is much *beauty*, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the *beauty* consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colors and forms; for colors more pleasing and lines more graceful (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred) might be spread upon a board, or a painter's pallet, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind; but in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections — in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, etc., etc.

What can be more evident that Jeffrey is not using the word "beauty" in the same strict sense as it is used by the writers on art against whom he is arguing, in the sense for instance that Hogarth uses it in his "Analysis"? Substitute the word "charm" for the words printed in italics in the above passage, and the expression would much more accurately convey the intended sense.

If the arguments with which Jeffrey sought to establish his theory were trivial, the consequences which he derived from it were immoral. He flattered himself, in the first place, that it "established the substantial identity of the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque, and consequently put an end to all controversy which was not purely verbal as to the differences of those several qualities." In other words, the theory afforded an excuse to intellectual indolence for declining to observe those intricate operations of the mind on which the accuracy of taste so largely depends.

But worse followed: —

The only other advantage which we shall specify as likely to follow from the general adoption of the theory we have been endeavoring to illustrate is, that it seems calculated to put an end to all those perplexing and vexatious questions about the standard of taste which have given occasion to so much impertinent and so much elaborate discussion. If things are not beautiful in themselves, but only as they serve to suggest interesting conceptions to the mind, then everything which does, in point of fact, suggest such a conception to any individual *is beautiful to that individual*; and it is not only quite true that there is no room for disputing about tastes, but that all tastes are equally just and correct, in as far as each individual speaks only of his own emotions.

It is difficult to argue with patience against such immoral nonsense. Justice and correctness necessarily imply an external standard; and to speak of a man's

feelings as "just," because he happens to feel them, is an absurdity which only requires to be stated to be exposed. Indeed Jeffrey found himself in difficulties immediately he had broached the theory, for how was it possible upon his principles that art should continue to exist as a social influence? He was therefore driven to invent a distinction between "the sense of beauty regarded as a mere source of enjoyment," and the sense which is necessary, "if we aspire to be creators as well as observers of beauty." If we had not read the following passage in print, we should not have believed that any man of professed taste and sensibility could have avowed sentiments of such unblushing cynicism.

As all men have some peculiar associations, all men must have some peculiar notions of beauty, and of course to a certain extent a taste that the public would be entitled to consider as false or vitiated. For those who make no demands on public admiration, however, it is hard to be obliged to sacrifice this sense of enjoyment; and even for those who labor for applause, the wisest course perhaps, if it were only practicable, would be to have two tastes — one to enjoy, and one to work by — one founded upon universal association, according to which they finished those performances for which they challenged universal applause, and another guided by all casual and individual associations, through which they fondly looked upon nature, and the objects of their secret desires.

Strange as it is to think that these monstrous doctrines should ever have commanded wide assent, it is certain that they fell in conveniently with the shallow liberalism which prevailed in the early part of the present century. They were agreeable to the passion for individual liberty produced by the growth of democracy, and they gave a color of reason to the intense craving for variety which is felt in the later stages of national life. Conscious that they were devoid of faith and enthusiasm, the more refined part of society contented themselves with the passive recognition of a conventional standard of taste, leaving the un-instructed multitude to bring down the level of art to their own rude, though natural, instincts. Alison the elder, from whom Jeffrey borrowed his system, held that our perceptions of beauty arise from our associations with the classical writers; hence he exalted the Greek and Roman authors (and on the same principle the great painters of Italy), not as the best instructors in nature, but as mysterious authori-

ties whose mandates were to be obeyed without being examined. A state of imagination so corrupt and credulous, if only confronted with ardor and conviction, was certain to be enslaved. Nor was the despot long in appearing. The advocates of the theory of association had soon to deal with an antagonist who not only held that our instinct of beauty was regulated by a natural law, but that the nature of the law itself could be demonstrated with mathematical certainty. "Whatever I have asserted throughout this work," he wrote with reference to the controversy in which he was engaged, "I have endeavored to ground altogether on *demonstrations* which must stand or fall by their own strength, and *which ought to involve no more reference to authority than a demonstration of Euclid.*" What could a poor adherent of the doctrine that "whatever appears beautiful to any man is beautiful to *him*," say to such troublesome confidence as this? Backed as the new philosophy was by all that was most powerful to persuade, a spirit of prophetic fervor embodied in language of impassioned beauty, and by a dialectical method which it was not easy to refute, it was impossible that the sceptics should withstand its onset. The surprise of the camp at conventionalism and its destruction were alike complete.

We can scarcely exaggerate our admiration for the genius and noble enthusiasm of Mr. Ruskin—for it is needless to say it is he to whom we refer—and in his battle with the advocates of association he commands our entire sympathy. In almost all his first principles, moreover—as for instance that art is founded on the truth of nature; that it is the thought, and not the mere language of each art, which is valuable; and that art has an end beyond itself—we unreservedly agree. But we must not conceal our conviction that from the application which he has given to these truths, and from the line of argument by which he has sought to enforce them, his great authority has done much to mislead the public taste. The canons of criticism proclaimed by the chief worshipper of nature have given rise to a school of poets and painters the most artificial which has ever appeared in this country. The sequel to that eloquent insistence on the importance of subject, in which "Modern Painters" abounds, is the doctrine that subject and design are merely accidents of art; while, instead of the principle that art is to be followed for the love of

God, we have the axiom that, on the contrary, it is to be pursued for its own sake, even when it ends in what is impious and obscene. Conclusions so repugnant to Mr. Ruskin's instincts could hardly have been derived from his reasoning, unless the reasoning itself had been fundamentally erroneous. We shall endeavor to indicate those radical errors—for so we hold them—in the theory of absolute truth as a standard of taste, which have helped to form what at first sight appears the unnatural connection between the doctrines of Mr. Ruskin and the school of the modern renaissance.

In the first place, we think that Mr. Ruskin's theory was not born under auspices favorable to philosophical impartiality. It is well to remember that the origin of "Modern Painters" was distinctly controversial. The germ of the work was a letter to the editor of a review which afterwards expanded itself into a single volume of criticism, and later still assumed its present form. Mr. Ruskin had been forced to listen to ignorant abuse of a great painter, on the one hand from the public, who, confining their admiration to the dexterous imitation of stuffs and textures, declared that this master's work was not "true;" and on the other hand from connoisseurs, who complained of him because he sought after effects which were not found in those old masters whom they particularly admired. Himself an enthusiastic admirer of Turner, Mr. Ruskin determined to *demonstrate* to the detractors that their opinions were false. To do this he set to work to deduce his own conclusions from first principles. The system of reasoning he constructed for the purpose was beautiful and ingenious, but all general systems must be received with caution where the prime object of the reasoner, however it be disguised from himself, is to make his own cause appear right and his opponents' wrong.

And such caution is justified when we look to the meaning which Mr. Ruskin attaches to the general terms truth and nature, and to the particular conclusions which he draws from them. Painting being an imitative art, it is evident that those who imitate nature falsely are inferior performers. The public would be ready enough to condemn a painter who should represent grass as red, or a cow as a six-legged animal, or an oak with the form of a weeping willow. Mr. Ruskin therefore carried his readers with him when he insisted that the genuine painter

can never give false representations of the true "character" of things. Having procured this admission, he very skilfully led his audience on to own that the art which aims merely at such superficial effects as may deceive the sense is not deserving of high rank, and that, on the contrary, the greatest painter is he whose work contains *the greatest number of the greatest ideas*, the value of an idea being measured by its correspondence with some external truth. Evidently then, if Claude, for instance, intended simply to produce an idea of deception, his work, on Mr. Ruskin's ground, would contrast very unfavorably with Turner's, who was constantly endeavoring in his pictures to reproduce the "truth" of external nature. And to the apparent justice of the standard thus proposed to them, the public were unable to demur. Unaccustomed to steady reflection, those who had at first condemned Turner on the "authority" of Claude were astonished when Mr. Ruskin pointed to them all Claude's offences against "truth," and never thought of asking whether the test applied was a just measure according to the laws of art. They were unable, for example, to deny what was said against Claude's "Mulino," while the philosophical method in which the adverse arguments were marshalled frightened them out of that instinctive feeling in favor of the picture which Claude's work almost always produces.

But now let us try to examine for ourselves the test by which the great apostle of the absolute proposed to overthrow the purely relative standard of the apostles of association.

I shall pay no regard whatsoever [said he] to what may be thought beautiful, or sublime, or imaginative. I shall look only for truth, bare, clear, downright statement of facts; showing in each particular as far as I am able what the truth of nature is, and then seeking for the plain expression of it, and for that alone.

Is this a just way of judging the merits of any imaginative painting? We think it is palpably the reverse. In the first place, the ideal thus proposed to the painter is impossible. Setting aside the consideration that many things appear to the eye different from what they really are, the painter can never give a "bare, clear, downright statement of facts." Nature and he do not work by the same means. Nature paints her pictures with actual distances, whereas the painter works on a flat surface: nature paints with light and shade, as well as with local

color; the painter is confined to his fresco or oils: nature produces the most impressive of her effects by motion, whereas the painter is restricted to unchangeable forms and colors. To imitate the ideas of nature, as men imitate each other's ideas, is therefore out of the question. If, on the other hand, what is meant is, that the painter should as far as possible suggest by the fidelity of his picture that he has sought to reproduce the literal truth of external nature, this has not been the aim of the greatest painters. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Eighth Discourse, gives many instances to the contrary. He relates the anecdote of Paul Veronese, who, when some troublesome critic asked him what caused the shadow in a part of his picture which ought naturally to have been in light, turned the enquiry by supposing a cloud to pass. He points also to a picture of moonlight by Rubens, which, he says, would be taken for an effect of sunlight if the painter had not represented stars in the sky. A still more conclusive instance against Mr. Ruskin's argument is furnished by himself.

In the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian, [he says] it is difficult to imagine anything more magnificently impossible than the blue of the distant landscape; impossible not from its vividness, but because it is not faint and aerial enough to account for its purity of color: it is too dark and blue at the same time; and there is indeed so total a want of atmosphere in it, that, but for the difference in form, it would be impossible to tell the mountains (intended to be ten miles off) from the robe of Ariadne close to the spectator. Yet make this blue faint, aerial, and distant,—make it in the slightest degree to resemble the truth of nature's color—and all the tone of the picture, all its intensity and splendor, will vanish on the instant.

Mr. Ruskin says that the effect in this picture, as far as regards its richness and solemnity of color, is produced "by exaggerated and false means." This conclusion is, of course, necessary for the purposes of his argument; but if the effect be, as he allows, delightful, how is it possible for the means to be false? Had he based his method of judgment on the law of the mind as well as on the law of nature, he could not have delivered such a paradoxical verdict. He would then have admitted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "truth" in painting means what is true to the eye—that is, the well-constituted eye—and that nature "means everything with which the mind"—that

is, the well-constituted mind — "is naturally pleased." The great painters have always been humble students of nature; the knowledge they have acquired has come direct from her; her principles have ever been the foundation of their art. But the pleasure they produce is of a reflected kind, arising chiefly from analogy and association; and the truths of color by which such an artist as Titian creates his effects are only resemblances of external nature based upon the harmony and balance of the colors themselves.

Again, the controversial exigencies of Mr. Ruskin's reasoning, which have led him to put too narrow an interpretation on the term "nature," have caused him, in our opinion, to exaggerate the capacities of his favorite art, and to mis-state the manner in which it appeals to the mind. "The greatest picture," he says, "is that which conveys to the mind the greatest number of the greatest ideas." And again: —

Speaking with strict propriety, we should call a man a great painter only as he excelled in precision and force in the *language* of lines, and a great versifier as he excelled in precision or force of the language of words. A great poet would thus be a term strictly, and in precisely the same sense, applicable to both, if warranted by the character of the images or thoughts which each in their respective languages conveyed.

These are very convenient positions for establishing the superiority of Turner over Claude, for Mr. Ruskin means by "the language of lines" a faithful translation of the specific truths of nature, and Turner's pictures undoubtedly contain a greater number of such ideas than Claude's. But is there anything like that analogy between the language of poetry and painting which Mr. Ruskin suggests? We have only to think of the manner in which we are affected by a great poem and a great picture, to see that his argument, specious as it appears, is utterly invalid. When we enter on the perusal of a poetical work like the "Iliad" or "Paradise Lost," we know nothing more of the subject than is suggested by the title, or than we have derived from report. The subject gradually unfolds itself in a succession of words and sentences metrically arranged; and though no poem can be a good one which is not characterized by unity of subject, yet there are many degrees of unity in the styles of the great masters of the art. The "Iliad," for instance, has much less apparent unity than either the "Æneid" or "Paradise Lost,"

as the hero is for a large part of the poem out of our sight, and the "Orlando Furioso" is little more than a succession of romantic episodes. Poetry therefore undoubtedly produces its effects by the number and succession of ideas.

But, in painting, the idea of unity is instantaneous. For instance, when a spectator looks at Raphael's "Sacrifice at Lystra" his eye is naturally drawn at once to a particular point in the picture; namely, the principal group. He sees the uplifted arm of an executioner, about to bring down an axe on the head of a sacrificial victim, suddenly arrested by the hand of one among a crowd of bystanders, who points to two men confronting him, the foremost of whom is rending his clothes. Knowing the story, his mind at once comprehends the point at which the imagined action has arrived, and he soon becomes aware of the astonishing vividness with which the painter has conceived the scene, and the dramatic power with which the cause of the action is expressed in the adoring figure of the healed man, indicated by the dropped crutches and the astonished crowd pressing round him to examine his limbs. Mr. Ruskin might well say that in such an effect as this the term of poet is strictly applicable to the painter. But now let us suppose the picture to be seen by one who is either ignorant of the story, or who has forgotten its details, such a spectator would still find something to please him in the mere balance of the composition, its grandeur of form, and its animation of gesture. These considerations must tend immensely to diminish the amount of analogy between poetry and painting, and they directly traverse the two chief arguments of Mr. Ruskin. In the first place, with regard to the language or expressive power of painting, they show how much must depend upon the subject, or idea expressed by the picture, corresponding with ideas already existing in the mind of the spectator; and, in the second place, they prove that, even where the subject is but imperfectly grasped by the mind, a certain amount of pleasure will be produced by the suggestion of the idea of unity *through the eye*. Complex as the dramatic expression in the "Sacrifice at Lystra" undoubtedly is, it is not understood before the eye has first pleased itself with the artistic arrangement of the composition, towards the effect of which the figure of the healed man and the surrounding group conspire, quite independently of their dramatic significance. We

see therefore that it is not the *number* of great ideas which necessarily constitute the merit of a picture, but the relation of the parts to the whole.

If this be so, certain consequences will follow. In the first place it will be acknowledged that the first aim of the painter is to produce a general and immediate effect; that the necessary groundwork for a great picture is a certain harmonious composition of form and color, on which indeed it is possible to raise a structure of noble dramatic expression such as we see in the pictures of Raphael and Michael Angelo, but which may also be an end in itself, as it is in most of the Venetian masters and in Correggio, whose works produce pleasure rather by the complete gratification of the sense of sight than by the imaginative treatment of the subject. In the second place we shall admit that our judgments on a large portion of the art of painting must be immediate and instinctive. Nor shall we fear to maintain that any man, possessed of a true eye and a healthy imagination, has at least a natural capacity for judging correctly of picturesque effect.

Mr. Ruskin, however, whose argument all holds together, demurs alike to this line of reasoning and to the court of appeal which we propose. He declines to accept the method of instinctive judgment, because, holding external nature to be a divine revelation, the characters of which may be deciphered by those who read with accuracy, he considers that we cannot pronounce on the rightness of any one of our perceptions before we have made it subject to a process of demonstration.

Seeing then that these qualities of material objects which are calculated to give us this universal pleasure are demonstrably constant in their address to human nature, they must belong in some measure to whatever has been esteemed beautiful throughout successive ages of the world (and they are also by their definition common to all the works of God). Therefore it is evident that it must be possible to *reason them out*, possible to divest every object of that which makes it accidentally or temporarily pleasant, and to strip it bare of distinctive qualities, until we arrive at those which it has in common with all other beautiful things, which we may then safely affirm to be the cause of its ultimate and true delightfulness.

On the other hand, he rejects the appeal to general sense on the ground that the majority of men are utterly unable to exercise this theoretic faculty, by

which he asserts that beauty is apprehended.

If [says he] I stand by a picture in the Academy and hear twenty persons in succession admiring some paltry bit of mechanism or imitation in the lining of a cloak, or the satin of a slipper, it is absurd to tell me that they reprobate collectively what they individually admire; or if they pass with apathy by a piece of the most noble conception, or most perfect truth, because it has in it no tricks of the brush, nor grimace of expression, it is absurd to tell me that they collectively respect what they separately scorn, or that the feelings and knowledge of such judges, by any length of time or comparison of ideas, could come to any right conclusion with respect to what is really high in art. The question is not decided by them, but for them; decided at first by few: by fewer in proportion as the merits of a work are of a higher order. From these few the decision is communicated to the number next below them in rank of mind, and by these again to a wider and lower circle; each rank being so far cognizant of the superiority of that above it, as to receive its decision with respect; until in process of time the right and consistent opinion is communicated to all, and held by all as a matter of faith, the more positively in proportion as the grounds of it are less perceived.

Now with regard to the arguments contained in these two passages, the first thing that strikes us is that they completely contradict each other. In the first passage we are told that the grounds of beauty are demonstrable; in the second we find that the majority of men cannot, "by any length of time or comparison of ideas, come to any right conclusion as to what is really high in art." Taking the passages separately, however, we shall not dwell on the method by which Mr. Ruskin seeks to prove that the beautiful is perceived by a process of moral reasoning. It is ingenious and suggestive, but it does not appear to us to correspond with what we know of the action of our minds. For instance, it is not true that we have such control over our perceptions that, by mere attention, we can discover the particular qualities that constitute our idea of the beautiful. No amount of attention would make a blind man a good judge of painting, or enable a man with a bad ear to decide justly on the merits of a musical composition. On the other hand, men with natural sensibility and well-constituted organs are capable of judging instinctively of "effect" in the various arts, though not of course of the means by which the effect is produced. They can, in so far as they have intelli-



gence, perceive what is poetical and dramatic in a picture, and, in so far as they have a correct eye, they can see whether a picture is good in point of drawing and coloring. We hear every day the most uncultivated persons whistling with perfect precision elaborate airs from operas, and sometimes we light on a latter-day Giotto whose untaught performance is evidently due to the perfect constitution of his hand and eye. Nature, not culture, is in fact the basis of art and taste, though the more carefully the natural gift is cultivated, the more fruit it will bear. Contrarily, argument and theory, in consequence of our self-love, are too often fatal to true taste; and to Mr. Ruskin's teaching on this point we would oppose a still higher authority. Sir Joshua Reynolds blames Nicolas Poussin's picture of "Perseus with Medusa's Head" for its want of unity to the eye, though the artist had purposely painted it so in order to represent what he conceived to be the true intellectual character of the scene. "A picture," says the great critic, "should please at first sight, and appear to invite the spectator's attention: if, on the contrary, the general effect offends the eye, a second view is not always sought, whatever more substantial and intrinsic merit it may possess."

Mr. Ruskin's failure to recognize the uniform law of the human mind practically invalidates his second argument against the verdicts of the majority, though this certainly contains a large element of truth. The immediate decision of a majority, on any point involving the exercise of reason, is of little value, unless all the individuals composing the majority are in a reasonable frame of mind (a state of things which is not often found), and all the evidence on which they are to form their judgment is intelligibly laid before them. This cannot be the case in their judgments on painting, as the majority of men have neither the time nor the inclination to undergo the mental discipline required for the formation of a sound taste. As far, therefore, as any work of art transcends the limits of instinctive perception, whether of the emotions or of the senses, in so far as it demands technical knowledge or deep study to be properly appreciated, public opinion must and should weigh little in reckoning the value of the performance. But Mr. Ruskin's denunciation of the public judgment carries him to conclusions which are contrary to reason and experience. Not only does he deny

to the public, as he justly may, the competence to decide on questions which want the knowledge of experts, but he actually asserts that it is out of their power ever to arrive at right conclusions, and that their opinions on art must therefore be taken on faith from their betters. He says that they admire in painting what they ought to *reprobate*. They admire the painting of a satin slipper, they pass with indifference the rendering of a fine idea. This is true. But all that it necessarily shows is that the public is ignorant, not that it is hopelessly insensible. It proves, on the one hand, that the uninstructed judgment greatly over-estimates the amount of intellect and skill required to deceive the eye, and on the other hand that it has not taken the trouble to master all the resources of the language by which painting conveys its ideas to the mind.

For it is certain that when thought is conveyed to them in a manner that they can understand, the mass of men are not incapable of appreciating what is great and heroic. It was not for the refined few that the "Iliad" was composed, or that the "Agamemnon" and "Macbeth" were acted. Mr. Ruskin is obliged to admit this, but he says that all the people care about in a fine drama is "daggers, ghosts, clowns, and kings." This, it seems to us, is special pleading. The uninstructed public truly *feel* the action and passion of Shakespeare's masterpieces; indeed it is observable that in the long period during which he has been banished from the more fashionable theatres to make room for the domestic drama and melodrama, the ruder audiences in the transpontine houses have never lost their sense of his heroic greatness. In the same way the story of the procession in honor of Cimabue's "Madonna" shows how profoundly a people artistically constituted like the Italians appreciate what immediately appeals to their instinctive perceptions. But as the eye of all the senses is the most complex in its organization, so of all the arts the language of painting, which speaks to the mind only by means of form and color, is the most difficult to understand. The musician can explain his ideas by means of words, but the painter must rely entirely on mute and external symbols. Hence the more definite be the subject of a picture, the easier it will be to understand; and contrarily, where the language of painting is not employed to express a common feeling, it will rouse but a comparatively faint interest. There



will always be many to prefer the representation of a cottage interior to "Crossing the Brook." And though we may say that such a judgment shows an uninstructed mind, it also shows why the greatest achievements of the landscape painter must rank lower than a proportionate amount of excellence in the historical style. Place the same uninstructed spectator who passes by the pictures of Turner before the "Madonna di San Sisto," and his soul will be at once subdued by a power as irresistible as it is divine.

Our readers will not have failed to observe that, by a very curious process of reasoning, Mr. Ruskin is brought to a conclusion in one respect substantially identical with that of the school of philosophy which he most dislikes. Alison, and after him Jeffrey, while denying the existence of any absolute standard of taste, accepted the classical standard of antiquity as a final authority, to satisfy the conventional prejudices of a society for which they scarcely attempted to conceal their contempt. Mr. Ruskin, on the other hand, vehemently protests both against the theory of association and pagan authority; he asserts the existence of an absolute standard of taste, and yet declares that the multitude must be content to take this on faith from the cultivated few, because of itself it is utterly incapable of understanding the truth of things.

Contempt for public opinion is also the connecting link between Mr. Ruskin and the modern votaries of the Renaissance, and this attitude of mind throws a strong light on many characteristics of contemporary taste, which at first are apt to appear unintelligible. It explains that strongly marked division between the artistic community and the larger world, — between those who count themselves the children of "sweetness and light" and the less fortunate majority whom these *illuminati* designate as "Philistines." It shows us why the taste of the Academy sets so decidedly in one direction, and the taste of the Grosvenor Gallery in another. We see how it is that the followers of art for art's sake, both in the archaic style of their poetical diction, in the Preraphaelite forms of their paintings, in the antique shapes and nondescript tints of female dress, and in the mediæval structure of house furniture, endeavor to separate themselves as much as possible from the conditions of the life about them.

We have given certain reasons for  
LIVING AGE. VOL. XXIX. 1486

thinking that there is nothing absolute in the standard of art which the Preraphaelites have erected, but that, on the contrary, the art has been produced to answer the demands of a particular kind of taste. The course of our argument has further gone to show that this taste occupies a certain point in a progress of critical opinion which has advanced from one stage to another, corresponding with the successive changes in the form of society. We see the early critics, such as Addison and Pope, at first endeavoring to establish a standard of common sense in art evidently founded on the idea of utility, and borrowed from the useful arts. Afterwards, as the result of more philosophical methods of thought and the more settled state of society, we find men beginning to take note of their own perceptions, to enquire into their origin, and to fix them by reference to some general law. This is the aristocratic or constitutional period of taste illustrated by writers like Burke, Price, and the best of all English critics, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Presently society advances to a more democratic stage: a new school of criticism, headed by Alison and Jeffrey, appears; it is decided that there is no real standard of taste, and that all our perceptions arise from an arbitrary association of ideas. Lastly, out of this lawless scepticism has sprung the generous dogmatism of Mr. Ruskin, and out of this again the caprices and eccentricity of the artistic oligarchy which has, since the rise of the Preraphaelites, exercised such a powerful influence on English poetry and painting. Standing at this point of our intellectual life, we naturally look with anxiety to our future. What are the prospects of our art? Whither are we going? Are our artists leading us to "fresh woods and pastures new," or to the border of "that vast and level plain where every molehill is a mountain and every thistle is a forest tree?"

These questions may receive a partial answer in the ideals of those who have played so important a part in forming the taste of the times. Mr. Ruskin holds the creed of Liberalism in its most noble and generous form. He believes in the possibility of men's perfection on earth. Nature is to him the revelation of the mind of God, and every page of his writings urges on the reader to seek in the material universe the designs of an all-wise and beneficent Creator. Christianity, in his view, not only reveals to man God's law, but it has the power of so

purifying the affections, that the mind is able to apprehend ideas of physical beauty which were invisible to the pagan world. Hence his repugnance to the antique ideal, and his belief in the superior excellence of the painters who flourished before Raphael revolutionized taste by his revival of the Greek tradition. Assuming the certainty of man's moral progress, and the possibility of discovering the mind of God in material nature, it is obvious that the artist might indeed expatriate in an inexhaustible region of invention.

The ideal of Mr. Carr, who, with Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Pater, has developed and transformed the principles first started by Mr. Ruskin, is something very different. Mr. Ruskin's theory is grounded on his belief in a personal God; the doctrines of his successors are only intelligible as part of a pantheistic system. Man, we understand them to say, is nothing in himself; his thoughts, feelings, and actions are merely modes of expression emanating from the Universal Being. Progress in such a system is of course an unintelligible idea; the most we can think of is change and succession: forms of life develop themselves, become exhausted, and are succeeded by others in the great kaleidoscope of nature; and as for the individual, he is nothing but a conscious string of perceptions and emotions, more or less vivid in proportion as he is artistically constituted. He therefore has most life who most keenly analyzes the transitory spirit of the age, and, on the same principle, the standard of taste is not to be sought in external law, but in the success which the artist achieves in discovering a permanent form of expression for his own evanescent thought.

We cannot better illustrate the complete scepticism of this school of criticism than by three passages from Mr. Carr's book which incidentally exhibit his views of the nature of poetry, painting, and history. The first is taken from the essay on Keats, in which the position of English poetry at the beginning of the present century is thus described:—

When the author of "Endymion" undertook to reshape for himself the material of his craft, recent revolt had brought tumult into the realm of verse, and with it an impatience of order and control. Poetry in its new birth was as yet only a spirit and emotion, eager, searching, and passionately free, but without a form to clothe and fitly express its soul. *The dead outworn form had lately been cast away.*

That is to say, many distinguished English poets about the time of the French Revolution were carried away by the spirit of the times, and sought for new forms of metrical expression in which to embody their own thoughts. From this Mr. Carr concludes, in the first place, that there was a new birth of poetry; and in the second place—ignoring the fact that Campbell still adhered to the old style, while Byron and Scott gave it a new development—that the form of poetry which enshrined the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and "The Deserted Village" was discarded and obsolete.

Again it is doubtless a fact that the old and expressive language of historical painting, such as it was understood in Italy, never penetrated beyond the Alps. It is a fact, too, that Rubens was a painter of marked individuality, and that the Dutch schools carried all the technical accomplishment of the art to an extraordinary perfection. Upon this Mr. Carr founds the following inference:—

In the presence of a great work of the Florentine school the beauty of the idea makes us half forget the workmanship, but in the masterpieces of modern painting the power and subtlety of the workmanship makes us forget the idea. [What would Mr. Ruskin say to this?] Rubens was the first great master whose painting frankly expressed the change. Through him we know at last that *the old order of things is dead and that a new order has arisen.* His respect and reverence for the great idealists of Italy was all the more disinterested because he could not inherit their glory. It was a respect due to the dead, and, having magnificently discharged the debt, he passed on with the perfect sincerity of genius to create a new world of his own.

Once more, and with reference to sculpture, hear Mr. Carr's opinions as to the great gulf that separates the ancient from the modern world.

Flaxman, in the comparative ignorance of his generation, was free to believe that the ancient world was not altogether so unlike our own. He was not afraid to trust to his imagination, while he sought to follow the beauty of antique models, for no one had as yet undertaken to prove that *the modern spirit is separated by an impassable barrier from the spirit of the antique.*

What are we to think of the sensibility of the critic, what of the vitality of the school of art to which he belongs, when we are by implication informed, with this air of superiority, that between us and the lamentation of Helen for Hector

there is an "impassable barrier," and that the humor of Peisthetærus and Euelpides, or of Gorgo and Praxinoë, is "altogether unlike our own"? But now let us see whether there is any sound warrant in experience either for the belief in that unlimited moral progress, to which Mr. Ruskin thinks the artist may aspire, or for that inexhaustible capacity of clothing all modes of thought in forms of art, which fascinates the imagination of Mr. Carr.

In all human affairs there is progress. The individual advances from childhood to youth, from youth to maturity, and with each stage of his physical growth he acquires fresh powers of mind. The State emerges from its infancy of barbarism and proceeds to empire and civilization. Art, too, has its own development. The history of Italian painting shows us the growth of invention, from mere uniformity to composition, and afterwards to all the marvels of perspective, color, and chiaroscuro.

But this progress involves decay. Man passes from maturity to decline and death. Nations decline, not perhaps necessarily, but hitherto invariably, after they have risen to a certain height. "In the youth of a State," says Bacon, "arms do flourish; in the middle age of a State, learning; and then both of these together for a time; and in the declining age of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise." Art, which receives its first impulse from a religious motive, at first devotes all its energies to the expression of an idea; when it reaches its culminating point, it has discovered how to present the idea in the perfection of form; then the value of the idea appears less than that of the expression; and at last, the idea being quite lost sight of, form is pursued for its own sake, and the substance of art entirely disappears.

From these considerations we think we may infer that in all human life there is a law of progress; that the progress is not on the one hand infinite, as Mr. Ruskin seems to say, nor, on the other, mere succession, as Mr. Carr and Mr. Pater maintain. In the life of men, nations, and art, there is an undying consciousness of unity; and hence the law of growth may be defined as unity developed by variety. The progress of man's life on earth is limited by death; but in the life of society and art, where no such physical dissolution occurs, there may be health and vigor so long as there is obedience to the moral law. The love of liberty and novelty is innate in the mind,

and is necessary to the health of the human constitution, and our taste need set no bounds to the passion for variety, so long as the fundamental idea of unity is distinct and paramount.

It is useless to lay down fixed rules for the application of this general principle. The craving for individual liberty increases with the age of society; tastes accordingly tend constantly to diverge; and men are more and more inclined to settle all differences with the convenient "*De gustibus non est disputandum*." Yet practically the limits of unity are not difficult to determine: for all liberty is based upon law; law itself is the product of national religion and history; and these again spring from the fountain-head of national character. When therefore a nation begins to lose its sense of religion, it will also lose its sense of unity, its society will tend to become atomic, and its art, feeling the source of inspiration fail, will grow either commonplace, or affected and eccentric. This, it is needless to say, was the experience of the Athenian constitution and the Attic drama. The religious and patriotic *regime*, under which Marathon was won, changed into the balanced democratic system of Pericles, declined to the demagogic arts of Cleon and his successors, and, kindled into a dying flame by the eloquence of Demosthenes, expired under the rule of the Macedonians. Matched with each of these political periods, we have the religious inspiration of Æschylus; the mixed religion, philosophy, and art of Sophocles; the struggle between the scepticism of Euripides and the conservatism of Aristophanes; and, lastly, the servile "culture" of Menander. A precisely similar progress in art may be traced from the simple exposition of the Christian idea, in the uncultivated forms of Giotto, to its dramatic expression in the complete art of Raphael; and from thence, through its comparative subordination in the chiaroscuro of Correggio and the color of Titian, to its disappearance in the brutality of Ribera or the vulgarity of Luca Giordano.

Art has also its own technical limits, and shows a tendency to lose the sense of unity in a craving after variety. The late sculptors in Italy, ignoring the fundamental difference between their own art and painting, endeavored, in the mere spirit of emulation, to represent in marble ideas which were only possible in color. They imitated floating draperies and effects of perspective, and thus, through

thinking only of their own glory, caused the degeneracy of their art.

Are not many of these symptoms of revolt against the law of nature and of the mind apparent in the taste of our own day? Everywhere we see a passion for variety, but little thought of unity. There is a strong centrifugal force at work; men readily cast off tradition and abandon the beaten paths of social and national life to form themselves into sects, schools, and coteries. In all the arts the aim is rather to astonish than to elevate or to please. Matter is made subordinate to form; the laws of form itself are confused; poetry seeks support from philosophy or painting; painting shows a tendency to abuse the natural affinities existing between itself and music; while music, discarding melody, strives to usurp the functions of the poetic drama.

Such a state of things appears to us to indicate not progress but exhaustion. We are indeed under no apprehension that the natural productive powers of our nation have failed. We believe rather that the paralysis which seems to have fallen on the world of art proclaims the decline of that intellectual movement generally known as romanticism. Romanticism in art is the immediate product of the principle of optimism in philosophy, which in 1793 shook to their foundations the institutions of the Continent. In France this principle was practically applied to the fullest possible extent. Relying on the doctrine of the abstract rights of man, founded on the assumption of his innate goodness and perfectibility, the French philosophers sought to abolish the social structure formed by the Catholic Church and the feudal system, which, whatever alterations and repairs it may have needed, had been built up for ages past out of the various materials that the French character afforded. They levelled it with the ground; they determined that the human race should make a fresh start; and the lapse of nearly a hundred years has now enabled the world to test the value of their experiment. What is the result? That in politics France shows no sign of being able to escape from that vicious circle of revolution and repression, which has been produced by the destruction of her legitimate monarchy; that in art the romanticism of Victor Hugo is succeeded by the realism of M. Zola; and that in philosophy the bright visions of Condorcet are being exchanged for the gloomy pessimism of Schopenhauer.

In England things have moved differently. Liberalism is but one of the principles which influence English society; still for the last fifty years it has undoubtedly been the prevailing mode of our national thought, and, viewed as a party creed, it is but a modified form of French optimism. Its master principle is the same as that of the French Revolutionists, namely the assertion of the right of the individual to perfect liberty, based on a belief in the progress of the race towards an ultimate perfection. How then stand the ideals with which the different literary fractions of the Liberal party seek to attract the taste of the nation?

To begin with, there is the artistic ideal of commercial Liberalism. Here, for instance, we have the opinion of the *Times* (Nov. 15th, 1879) on the subject of poetry: "Poetry has lost its popularity in modern English literature. If men wish to amuse their fancy for half an hour, they take up a novel more naturally than verse. It is less exacting in its views of its rights. It does not stand upon its dignity like a poem, and summon the reader's intellect to pipe to its singing." This sentiment no doubt reflects very accurately the attitude of the middle class towards art and literature. And what does it mean? It can only mean that the portion of society described by the writer is too rich and too busy to feel in itself any imaginative wants, and betakes itself to art merely as a sedative or a stimulant.

If the nation were to put up with such an ideal as this, all we should say would be that, looking to the view which the men of Queen Elizabeth's, or indeed of Queen Anne's, time took of poetry as part of the national life, the less said about "progress" the better. But the nation cannot put up with it.\* And this is very clearly seen by those "candid friends" of the commercial Liberals whom we know as the champions of ideal Liberalism, or what is generally called "culture." The Liberal idealist has, for a long time past, told his allies of the Manchester school that their principles will not do at all. As for his own remedies, we have more than once discussed

\* The truth is, the remarks of the *Times* are a libel on the public taste. The nation has not lost its perception of what is "poetical" in any of the arts. The most poetical picture in the last Academy, in our opinion, was Mr. Long's "Esther;" it was certainly the most popular. No one who listened to the appreciative remarks of the spectators on that beautiful face could doubt that historical painting of the old ideal kind would meet with a ready market in the country.



their efficacy in this review, and we will only very briefly restate our reasons for holding them to be inadequate. His grand mistake is that he dreams of establishing a standard of absolute perfection in a world of change and death. Probably most of us believe that if we had the making of the world we could vastly improve existing arrangements; but, after all, the real question is what we are to do with the materials at our disposal. This is a consideration which is deliberately set aside by the apostles of culture. They are very skilful in painting the deficiencies of their neighbors, judging by an ideal standard of perfection which they have formed in their own minds; but this method of theirs does not really edify, for it never advances beyond themselves, it has no point of leverage on the instincts and affections of large classes of men. In the "cultivated" liberal the ideal is therefore always neutralized by the actual. A very few quotations from the writings of Mr. Matthew Arnold, the leader of the school, will confirm what we say. For instance, in an essay "On the Influence of Academies," he points out how beneficial an academy would be in correcting what he considers to be radical national defects, our provincialism, our want of taste, and our coarseness. The interest of the essay lies in the living instances of these faults which are quoted with evident zest to establish the conclusion. But then, after all it seems, "*Cui bono?*" "An academy quite like the French Academy, a sovereign organ of the highest literary opinion, a recognized authority in matters of intellectual tone and taste, we shall hardly have, and perhaps we ought not to wish to have it." So the moral is: "Let every man be his own academy." Again, after a lecture full of the severest strictures on the Nonconformity of the Philistine middle class, Mr. Arnold remembers that this class is, nevertheless, the backbone of Liberalism, and that he is himself a Liberal. So we are told: "The Puritan middle class, with all its faults, is still the best stuff in the nation." Therefore, "in its success is our best hope for the future. *But to succeed it must be transformed.*" Once more. Mr. Arnold sees clearly the fatal mistake made by the French Revolutionists in seeking to eliminate Christianity from education. But still he is a disciple of the French Revolution. He must therefore contrive to make contradictions seem true together. "I persist," says he, "in thinking that the prevailing form for the Christianity of the

future will be"—what? "A Catholicism purged, opening itself to the light and air, having the consciousness of its own poetry, freed from its sacerdotal despotism, and freed from its *pseudo-scientific apparatus of superannuated dogma.*" In fine, a Catholicism which shall have got rid of the idea of a personal God, and shall have concluded that St. Paul did not know what he himself meant by the resurrection of the dead. We do not wish to discuss sacred matters in this place, but many will recollect the saying of the apostle whom Mr. Arnold criticises with so much superiority: "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." If there be truth in this text, the idea of "progress" as understood by ideal Liberalism, is even more vain than the conception formed of it by commercial Liberalism.

But a still more eloquent indication of the failure of Liberalism, as an intellectual force, is seen in the attitude of that extreme wing of the philosophic Liberal army which is formed by the artistic Radicals. Far from calling on the middle class to follow them into their own regions of refinement, this group lose no opportunity of showing their repugnance and contempt for those whom they call the British Philistines. Sometimes, like Mr. Swinburne, they exhibit their feelings by exhausting their rhetoric in insulting instincts which constitute the moral and religious code of average society. More often they express their antipathy to the life about them by the mystic worship of art for art's sake, and by a species of literary monasticism, in which contemporary modes of thought are discarded for classical or mediæval fashions. But the prevailing character of this school is their thoroughgoing pessimism, which produces in them a taste for what is morbid and melancholy, and destroys their perception of healthy beauty. We see this frequently in the poetry of Mr. Morris; we see it always in the pictures of Mr. Burne Jones, a painter of genius, but haunted with the spirit of pain and ennui. The consequences are manifest in such a composition as the "Annunciation," recently exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, in which the painter, relying on the phrase, "When Mary saw the angel she was troubled at his saying," represents the Virgin as a dismal maiden with pale blue eyes, unhealthy complexion, and an air of patient lassitude, as of one overwhelmed with the prospect of unmitigated suffering. Such a conception

is evidently intended to stand in pointed contrast to the idea which through eighteen centuries of Christianity has been felt to pervade Mary's song of triumph: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. . . . *For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.*" What art is likely to gain by the substitution of the new philosophy for the old faith those who saw Mr. Jones's picture can decide for themselves.

We see then three important sections of the Liberal party maintaining three opposing theories as to the direction in which taste ought to advance. The result is that we do not advance at all. The cause of this sterility of idea is, we think, evident. The indispensable condition of all growth in national life and art is the observance of the principles of authority and continuity. By the principle of authority we mean that recognized standard of right and wrong in politics, morals, and art, which enables society as a whole to agree about the truth in such matters; and by the principle of continuity we mean the tradition by which this law or standard is carried on from age to age, and modified or expanded to suit the wants of the time. Both principles are paramount in all really great periods of artistic production. For instance, a strong family likeness is manifest amid all the originality in the Elizabethan group of dramatists, among the chief English prose-writers from Addison to Sir Walter Scott, and in the great group of painters contemporary with Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds. As for the continuity of tradition, the first lesson which Sir Joshua Reynolds sought to impress on his hearers was the truth that art did not begin with them, that before they could do anything for themselves they must take a great deal on trust from authority, and that the fundamental laws of painting are to be looked for in the old masters. Dryden speaks to precisely the same effect about the development of poetry:—

Milton [says he] was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax, for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuates, that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease; and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the "Godfrey of Bulloine," which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax.

On the other hand, the passion for liberty, springing out of the optimistic theories of the French Revolution, has encouraged in modern art a tendency to violent individualism. Wordsworth, for instance, consciously cut adrift from tradition in poetry, and later poets have departed still further from the once recognized standards of poetical diction. In the same way the Preraphaelites, who are the Liberals of painting, consider, in opposition to the received theory, that Raphael introduced corrupting principles, and that all true conceptions of art are derivable from the artist's own study of individual nature. The consequence is that none of the poets or painters of marked genius during the last fifty years resemble their predecessors; neither do they resemble each other; each forms for himself a style as novel and unmistakable as possible. Hence we get many different manners easy of imitation, but none that are capable of transmission and development.

Now, if we are right in assuming that growth is the law of art, as of every kind of life, the question under these circumstances is, how are we to recover the principle of authority, and to resume the thread of continuous tradition which we have lately dropped? These questions are both wide and deep, and obviously cannot be properly discussed within the limits that remain to us. We venture, however, to submit, as worthy of discussion, certain suggestions which may contribute something towards the solution of the problem.

As regards the principle of authority, since it is assumed that all art, to be really enduring, must have its foundations in national life, we have to determine what are the chief sources from which our English instincts in art and morals are primarily derived. They are, we think, three in number. Two of them we share with the other nations of Europe; namely, in the first place, the Christian religion, in its historical sense, which brought new spiritual life into the world after the exhaustion of pagan civilization; and, in the second place, the influence of the great classical authors, whom we recognize as the masters of style, partly on account of their natural superiority of genius, partly as having lived at a period of the world's history when it was easier than it is for ourselves to discern the enduring outlines of intellectual and imaginative truth. The third source of authority is our own Constitution, which, as the fountain of



laws and customs, has obviously been the paramount factor in moulding the peculiarities of the English character. Moreover, these three sources of English life and thought are all fused and harmonized together; not one of them can be considered independently, and without regard to its relations with the others.

With reference to the continuity of tradition, and the point in the course of our national growth which we actually occupy, we ought to have some practical acquaintance with the society about us, and a historical knowledge of the different stages through which English art and literature have previously passed. Above all, we would strongly urge the artists of the rising generation to study the work of their predecessors in the *eighteenth century*. We know that this is an unpopular opinion. We are aware that both Catholics and Radicals say with Joseph de Maistre, in the words quoted in our last number, "*Il faut absolument tuer l'esprit du dix-huitième siècle.*" The former say so because the eighteenth century witnessed on the Continent the momentary triumph of the philosophy of the Revolution over the traditions of the monarchy and the Church. The Radicals hate the eighteenth century because the spirit of its society and letters was aristocratic. And doubtless on the Continent the unmitigated conflict of antagonistic extremes makes the sentiment perfectly intelligible. But this is not the case in England. For us the eighteenth century is the bridge between mediæval feudalism and modern democracy, and therefore a historical position from which we can best study the opposing elements of our constitutional life. It was the first century of constitutional compromise; the age when our liberties were secured, and the foundations of our empire laid in all parts of the world; when Christianity was freely assailed by hosts of deists and infidels, but when it was defended by the "Analogy" of Butler; when the social idiom of the language was first fixed; when the finest humorists in our literature appeared; when the first of our political writers, the prince of our critics, the best of our biographers, and the greatest of our historians lived and died. In a word, there is not one of our nineteenth century interests which cannot be traced in a simpler state of existence in the eighteenth century. A reverent study of this earlier stage of our national existence will enable each individual to understand more clearly the thoughts and

feelings which he perceives in his own mind, and may suggest to the artist ideas which, while animated by original genius, may also bear the hereditary stamp of the English character.

## ADAM AND EVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

## CHAPTER VII.

JOAN in front, Eve within speaking-distance behind, the two girls made all haste to reach the village, where Joan's anticipations were confirmed by the various people with whom in passing she exchanged a few words.

Coming within sight of the house, a sudden thought made her turn and say, "Eve, wouldn't 'ee like to see 'em comin' in, eh? There's light enough left if us looks sharp about it."

Eve's lack of breath obliged her to signify her ready assent by several nods, which Joan rightly interpreting, off she ran in advance to leave a few necessary directions about supper; after which she joined Eve, and together they hurried on towards a small flat space just under the Chapel Rock where a group of people were already assembled.

The sun was sinking, and its departing glory hung like a cloud of fire in the west and flecked the sea with golden light: the air was still, the water calm, and only rippled where the soft south-west breeze came full upon it.

Several small vessels lay dotted about, but standing out apart from these were two of larger size and different rig, one of which just headed the other.

"'Tis uncle's in front," said a weather-beaten old fellow, turning round to Joan, who, for Eve's convenience, had taken her stand on the rising hillock behind. "T' hindermost one's the 'Stamp and Go.'"

"Never fear, the 'Lottery' 'll niver be 't hindermost one," said Joan, boastfully.

"Not if Adam's to helm," laughed another man near: "he'd rather steer to 'kingdom come' first, then make good land second."

"And right he should, and why not?" exclaimed Joan: "'t hasn't come to Adam's luck yet to learn the toons they play on second fiddles."

"Noa, that's true," replied the man; "and 'tis to be hoped 't never will: 't ud

come rayther hard 'pon un up this time o' day, I reckon."

"I s'pose uncle's had word the coast's all clear," said Joan, anxiously.

"Awh, he knows what he's about. Never fear uncle: he can count ten, he can. He wouldn't be rinnin' in, in broad day too, without he could tell how the coast's lyin'."

"Why don't they sail straight in?" asked Eve, following with great interest each movement made.

"Cos if they hugged the land too tight they'd lose the breeze," said Joan. "Her don't know nothin' 'bout vessels," she said, apologizing for Eve's ignorance. "Her's only just comed here: her lives up to London."

"Awh, London, is it?" was echoed round, while the old man who had first spoken, wishing to place himself on a friendly footing with the new arrival, said, "Awh, if 'tis London, I've a bin to London too, I have."

"What! living there?" asked Eve.

"Wa-al, that's as you may choose to call it: 'twarn't much of a life, though, shovellin' up mud in the Thames River fra' mornin' to night. Howsomdever, that's what they sot me to do 'for chatin' the king's revenoos,'" he quoted with a comical air of bewilderment. "'Chat-in!'" he repeated, with a snort of contempt. "That's a voine word to fling at a chap vur tryin' to git a honest livin'; but there! they'm fo'ced to say sommat, I s'pose, though *you* mayn't spake, mind. Lord, no! you mun stand by like Mump-hazard, and get hanged for sayin' nothin' at all."

"Joan, look! why, they've got past!" exclaimed Eve, as the foremost of the two vessels, taking instant advantage of a puff of wind, gave a spurt and shot past the mouth of the little harbor. "Isn't it in here they've got to come?"

"All right: only you wait," laughed Joan, "and see how he'll bring her round. There! didn't I tell 'ee so?" she exclaimed triumphantly. "Where's the 'Stamp and Go' now, then?" she called out, keeping her eyes fixed on the two vessels, one of which had fallen short by a point, and so had got under lee of the peak, where she remained with her square brown sail flapping helplessly, while the other made her way toward the head of the outer pier. "Now 'tis time for us to be off, Eve. Come 'long, or they'll be home before us."

And, joining the straggling group who were already descending, the two girls

took their way back to the house, Joan laughing and vaunting the seamanship of her cousin, while Eve lagged silently behind with sinking spirits as the prospect of meeting her new relations rose vividly before her. Putting together the things she had heard and seen, the hints dropped by Joan and the fashion in which the house was conducted, Eve had most unwillingly come to the conclusion that her uncle gained his living by illicit trading, and was, indeed, nothing less than a smuggler—a being Eve only knew by name and by some image which that name conjured up. A smuggler, pirate, bandit,—all three answered to an ancient black-framed picture hanging up at home, in which a petticoated figure, with a dark, beringleted face, stood flourishing a pistol in one hand and a cutlass in the other, while in the sash round his waist he displayed every other impossible kind of weapon. Surely her uncle could be in no way like that, for such men were always brutal, bloodthirsty; and she, so unused to men at all, what would become of her among a lawless crew, perhaps whose drunken orgies might end in quarrels, violence, murder—

"Ah!" and the terrified scream she gave sent Joan flying back from the few yards in advance to see Eve shrinking timidly away from a young fellow who had run up behind and thrown his arm round her waist.

"Why, for all the world, 'tis Adam!" exclaimed Joan, receiving a smacking kiss from the offender, who was laughing heartily at the fright he had occasioned. "Why, Eve, what a turn you give me, to be sure! Here, Adam, this is Cousin Eve. Come here and shake hands with un, Eve. Where's uncle? is he ashore yet? We've bin watchin' of 'ee comin' in. Why, Eve, you'm all of a trimble! Only do 'ee feel her hand: she's shakin' all over like a leaf."

"'Twill pass in a minute," said Eve, vexed that she had betrayed her nervousness. "I was thinking—that was the reason."

"I'm sure I never meant to frighten you," said Adam, who, now that the group of bystanders had moved on, began offering an apology. "I took her for one o' the maidens here, or I shouldn't ha' made so free."

"Oh, you'll forgive him, won't ye, Eve?" "I hope so," said Adam: "'twon't do to begin our acquaintance with a quarrel, will it? And I haven't told ye that we're glad to see ye, or anything yet," he added,

seeing that Joan had hastened on, leaving them together, "though there's not much need for sayin' what I hope you know already. When did you come, then, Cousin Eve, eh?"

"Yesterday."

"Oh, you didn't get in before yesterday? and you came in the 'Mary Jane' with Isaac Triggs?"

"Yes."

Eve had not sufficiently recovered herself to give more than a direct answer, and as she still felt dreadfully annoyed at her silly behavior, she had not raised her eyes, and so could not see the interest with which her companion was regarding her: in fact, she was hardly attending to what he said, so anxious was she to find the exact words in which to frame the apology she in her turn was bent on making. There was no further time for deliberation, for already Adam had pushed open the door, and then, as he turned, Eve got out, "You mustn't think I'm very silly, cousin, because I seem so tonight; but I ain't accustomed"—and she hesitated.

"To have a young man's arm around your waist?" he said slyly.

"That wasn't what I was going to say; though, so far as that goes, nobody ever did that to me before."

"Is that true?" he laughed. Then he called out, "Here, Joan, bring a candle. Cousin Eve and I want to see each other: we don't know what we're like to look at yet."

"In a minute," answered Joan, appearing in less than that time with a candle in her hand. "There! if you'm in a hurry I'll be candlestick;" and she put herself between the two, holding the light above her head. "Now, how d'ye find yourselves, good people, eh?—so good-looking or better than you thought?"

"Ah! that's not for you to know, Mrs. Pert," laughed Adam. "But stay, we've got to kiss the candlestick, haven't we?"

"That's as you please," said Joan, holding up her face to Eve, who was bending down to fulfil the request when Adam caught hold of her, saying, "Come, come! 'tis my turn first: it's hard if a cousin can't have a kiss."

But Eve had drawn herself back with a resolute movement as she said, "I don't like being kissed by men: 'tisn't what I've been used to."

"Well, but he's your cousin," put in Joan: "a cousin ain't like another man; though there's no great harm in anybody, so far as I see."

But Adam turned away, saying, "Let be, Joan: I'm not one to force myself where I'm not wanted."

Fortunately, before any awkwardness could arise from this slight misunderstanding, a diversion was caused by the entrance of Uncle Zebedee, whose genial, good-tempered face beamed as he took in the comfortable room and family group. "Well, Joan," he said as Joan ran forward to meet him, "and who's this? not poor Andrew's little maid, to be sure? Why, I'm glad to give 'ee welcome, my dear. How be 'ee? when did 'ee come? Has her bin good to 'ee, eh? gived 'ee plenty to ate and drink? I'll into her if she ha'n't, the wench!" and he pulled Joan lovingly toward him, holding back Eve with the other hand so that he might take a critical survey of her. "I say, Joan, what do 'ee say? 'Tis a purty bit o' goods, ain't it?"

Joan nodded assent.

"Why, who's her like, eh? Not her poor father—no, but somebody I've knowed. Why, I'll tell 'ee: my sister Avice that was drowned saving another maid's life, that's who 'tis. Well, now I never! to think o' Andrew's maid bein' like she! Well, she was a regular pictur, she war, and so good as she war handsome."

"That shows us both comes o' one family," said Joan, rubbing her rosy cheek against the old man's weather-stained visage.

"Not a bit of it," he laughed; "but I'll tell 'ee what: she's got a touch of our Adam here, so well as bein' both named together, too. My feyther, poor ole chap! he couldn't abide his name hisself noways, but us two lads, Andrew and me, us allays swore that our children, whether boys or maids, 'cordin' as they comed fust, should be Adams and Eves; and us kept our words, the both of us, ye see. Here, Adam!" he called, "come hither, lad, and stand up beside thy cousin. I want to take measure of 'ee together, side by side."

But Adam, though he must have heard, neither answered nor came in; and after waiting for a few minutes his father, by way of apology, premised to Eve that he had gone up to "titivate a bit," while, jerking his finger over his shoulder, he asked Joan in a stage aside if the wind had shifted anyways contrary.

Joan shook her head, answering in a low voice that it would be all right, and she would run out and hasten in the supper; and some ten minutes later, while

Eve was detailing to her uncle some of the events of her past life—how her mother and she had lived, and how they had managed to support themselves—Adam reappeared, and Uncle Zebedee, pointing to a seat near, endeavored to include him in the conversation; but whether Eve's past history had no interest for her cousin, or whether he had not quite overlooked her small rebuff, she could not decide. At any rate, he seemed to be much more amused by teasing Joan, and as Joan was by no means unwilling to return his banter while she moved about and in and out the room, the two carried on a very smart fire of rough joking, which gradually began to interest Uncle Zebedee, so that he left off talking to listen; and very soon Eve found herself at liberty to indulge her hitherto restrained curiosity and take a critical survey of Adam, who lounged on a chest opposite, with his whole attention so apparently engrossed by Joan as to render it doubtful whether the very existence of such a person as Eve had not entirely escaped his recollection.

Certainly, Adam was a man externally fitted to catch the fancy of most women, and, nettled as Eve was by his seeming indifference to herself, she tried in vain to discover some fault of person to which she could take objection; but it was of no use battling with the satisfaction her eyes had in resting on such perfection, heightened by the gratifying knowledge that between them an evident likeness existed. Adam had the same fair skin, which exposure had tanned, but could not redden; his hair, although of a warmer tint, was of a shade similar to her own; his eyes were gray, his brows and lashes dark.

Absorbed in trying to compare each separate feature, Eve seemed lost in the intensity of her gaze, so that when, Adam suddenly looking round, their eyes met (during one of those lapses for which time has no measurement), Eve sat fascinated and unable to withdraw her gaze. A kindred feeling had apparently overcome Adam too, for, the spell broken, he jumped up, and with something between a shake and a shiver walked abruptly to the far end of the room.

"Here, Adam," called out Joan, who had stepped into the outer kitchen, "don't 'ee go out now, like a dear. I'm just takin' the things up: supper won't be a minute afore it's in, and if it's put back now 'twill all be sawsawed and not worth eaten." And to strengthen her entreaty

she hastened in and set on the table a substantial, smoking-hot pie. "Why, wherever now has Eve got to?" she exclaimed, looking round the room. "I left her sittin' there not a minute ago."

"Eh! what? who's gone?" exclaimed Uncle Zebedee, roused from a cat's sleep, in which, with a sailor-like adaptation of opportunity, he was always able to occupy any spare five minutes.

"I think she ran up-stairs," said Adam. "Here, I'll call her," he added, intercepting Joan as she moved toward the door which, from the innermost portion of the room, led to the upper part of the house. "Cousin Eve!" he called out, "Cousin Eve! supper's waitin', but we can't begin till you come down."

"Iss, and bear a hand, like a good maid," chimed in Uncle Zebedee, "for we haven't had nothin' to spake of to clane our teeth 'pon this last forty-eight hours or so; and I for one am pretty sharp set, I can tell 'ee."

This appeal being irresistible, Eve hastened down, to find Adam standing so that when she put her hand on the door-handle he, under the pretence of opening it to a wider convenience, put his hand over hers, leaving Eve in doubt whether the unnecessary pressure was the result of accident or an attempt at reconciliation. One thing was evident: Adam was bent on thoroughly doing the honors of the table; he made a point of assisting Eve himself; he consulted her preference and offered the various things to her—attentions which Eve, as a stranger and a guest, thought herself, from the son of the house, perfectly entitled to, but which Joan viewed with amazement, not liking, as it was Adam, to interfere, but feeling confident that Eve must be very embarrassed by a politeness not at all current in Polperro, where the fashion was for the men to eat and drink and the women to sit by and attend upon them.

But Adam was often opposed to general usage, and any deviation was leniently accepted by his friends as the result of his having been schooled at Jersey—a circumstance that Joan considered he was now bent upon showing off; and noting that, do or say what he might, Eve would not raise her eyes, she pitied her confusion, and good-naturedly tried to come to her rescue by endeavoring to start some conversation.

"Did 'ee try to reason with Jerrem, Adam?" she asked, reverting to a portion of their previous talk.

"Reason!" he answered pettishly:

"what good is there in anybody reasoning with him?"

"Awh, but he'll always listen to a soft word," said Joan pleadingly: "you can lead Jerrem any ways by kindness."

"Pity you weren't there, then, to manage him," said Adam, in not the most pleasant tone of voice.

"Well, I wish you had been there, Joan," said Uncle Zebedee decisively, "for I ain't half well plased at the boy bein' left behind: he'll be gettin' into some mischief that 'twon't be so aisy to free un from. I'd rayther be half have spoke to un' sharp mysel': he allays minds anythin' I say to un, he does."

"'Tis a pity, then, you held your tongue so long," said Adam, whose face began to betray signs of rising displeasure. "I only know this, that over and over again you've said that you wouldn't run the risk of bein' kept waitin' about when he knew the time for startin'. Why, no later than the last run you said that if it happened agen you'd go without him."

"Iss, iss, 'tis true I said so," said the old man querulously, "but he knawed I didn't mane it. How should I, when I've been a youngster mysel', and all of us to Madame Perrot's dancin' and fiddlin' away like mad? Why, little chap as I be," he added, looking round at the two girls with becoming pride, "'t 'as taken so many as six t' hold me; and when they've a-gotten me to the boat they've had to thraw me into the watter till I've bin a' but drowneded 'fore they could knock a bit o' sense into me. But what of it all? Why, I be none the warse for matter o' that, I hopes."

Adam felt his temper waxing hot within him, and having no wish that any further display of it should be then manifested, he rose up from the table, saying it was time he ran down to the boat again; and old Zebedee, warned by an expressive frown from Joan, swallowed down the remainder of his reminiscences, and kept a discreet silence until the retreating footsteps of his son assured him that he could relieve himself without fear of censure.

"'Tis along of his bein' a scholard, I s'pose," he exclaimed with the air of one seeking to solve a perplexity, "but he's that agen anybody bein' the warse o' a drap o' liquor as niver was."

"Jerrem's one that's too easily led astray," said Joan, by way of explaining to Eve the bearings of the case, "and once away he forgets all but what's goin' on

around un; and that don't do, ye know, 'cos when he's bin told that they'm to start at a certain time he ought to be there so well as the rest, 'specially as he knaws what Adam is."

"Iss, and that's the whole rights of it," returned Zebedee with a conclusive nod. "Maister Adam goes spakin' up about last time: 'And mind, we ain't agoin' to wait for no wan'" — and the imitation of his son's voice conveyed the annoyance the words had probably given — "and the boy's blid was got up. 'Tis more than strange that they two, brought up like brothers, can't never steer wan course. I'd rayther than twenty pound that this hadn't happened," he added after a pause.

"But how comed 'ee to go when you knawed he wasn't there?" asked Joan.

"I never knawed he warn't there," replied the old man. "I can't think how 'twas," he said, scratching his head in the effort to assist his memory. "I'd a bin up to Reinold's, takin' a drap wi' wan or two, and, somehow, I don't mind about nawthin' much more till us was well past the Spikles; and then after a time, I axed for the lad, and out it all comes."

"And what did 'ee say?" said Joan.

"Wa-al, what could I say? Nothin' that 'ud fetch un back then. 'Sides, Adam kept flingin' it at me how that I'd a said las' time I wuddn't wait agen. But what if I did? I knawed, and he knawed, and Jerrem knawed 'twas nawthin' more than talk. Moreoover which, I made sure he'd ha' come with Zeke Johns in the 'Stamp and Go.' But no, they hadn't a laid eyes on un, though they started a good bit after we."

"He's sure to get on all right, I s'pose?" said Eve questioningly.

"Awh, he can get on fast enough if he's a-minded to. 'Taint that I'm thinkin' on: 'tis the bad blid a set brewin' 'twixt the two of 'em. If I only knawed how, I'd send un a bit o' my mind in a letter," he added, looking at Joan.

"Wa-al, who could us get to do it, then? There's Jan Curtis," she said reflectively, "only he's to Looe; and there's Sammy Tucker, but, Lord! 'twould be all over the place, and no holding mother anyways: she'd be certain to let on to Adam."

"It mustn't come to Adam's ears," said Zebedee decisively. "Can't 'ee think o' nobody else scholard enuf?"

"If it's nothing but a letter, I can write, Uncle Zebedee," said Eve, rather shyly, and not quite clear whether Joan did or did not possess the like accomplishment.



"Can 'ee, though?" exclaimed Uncle Zebedee, facing round to get a better view of this prodigy; while Joan, with a mixture of amazement and admiration, said, "Not for sure? Well, I niver! And you'll do it too, won't 'ee?"

"With all my heart, if uncle will tell me what to say."

"But mind, not a word before Adam, Eve," said Joan hastily, "'cos, if he's minded, he can write a hand like copper-plate."

"And 'ee thinks two of a trade wouldn't agree: is that it?" laughed Zebedee.

Joan shook her head. "Never you mind," she said, "but only wait till next Valentine's Day's ha' come, and won't us two have a rig with somebody that shall be nameless?"

"Only hark to her!" chuckled old Zebedee, answering Joan's significant look by the most appreciative wink. "Ah! but her's a good-hearted maid," he said, addressing Eve; "and," he added, with a confidential application of his hand to his mouth, "if but they as shall be nameless would but voo her through my eyes, her should curl up her hair on her weddin'-night in five-pound notes, as her blessed aunt, my poor missis, did afore her, dear sawl!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

As soon as the supper was cleared away Joan began to set on the table glasses, pipes, and spirits. "Uncle's sure to bring two or three back with un," she said; "and if all's ready there'll be no need for we to hurry back."

Eve gave a questioning look.

"Why, us is goin' down 'long to see what's up," said Joan. "There's sure to be doin's somewheres or 'nother. Besides, you haven't sin none o' the chaps as yet; and as we don't mean to lose 'ee now us have got 'ee, the sooner that's done the better."

"Isn't it rather late?" asked Eve, smiling at Joan's insinuations.

"Late? laws! no: 'tis only just gone eight, and the moon's risin' as bright as day. Get alongs, like a dear, and fetch down your cloak. Mine's here to hand."

Eve offered no more opposition. She had no objection to a stroll, and determined in her own mind that she would try and beguile Joan into extending their ramble as far as the cliff-side.

She came down-stairs to find Joan already standing in the street chatting to a group of girls who, like herself, were out seeking for amusement.

"Here she is," said Joan, intimating by her tone that the former conversation had related to Eve; whereupon several of Joan's more immediate intimates came forward and shook the new-comer by the hand, while others murmured something polite about "bein' very glad to make her acquaintance;" and together they all set off in a friendly fashion, exchanging words with everybody they met or passed, and addressing so many of them as Uncle This or Aunt That, that Eve could not refrain from asking if she was related to any of them.

"Iss, to all of 'em," laughed one of the girls, Ann Lisbeth Johns by name. "Why, didn't 'ee know us was all aunts and cousins here? You'd best be careful, I can tell 'ee, for you'm fallen 'mong a reg'lar nest o' kindred."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Eve politely. "I hope I may like those I don't know as well as those I do;" and she gave a squeeze to Joan's arm, through which her own was threaded.

"Ain't her got purty ways?" said one of the girls admiringly to another. "I wonder what Adam thinks of her?" and, turning, she said to Joan, "Has her seed Adam yet?"

Joan nodded her head.

"Wa-al, what does he think of her?"

"I don't think he's had any opportunity of giving his opinion," laughed Eve, relieving Joan from the necessity of answering what she thought must be an embarrassing question.

"Awh, bless 'ee!" returned the girl, "you don't want Adam to spake: 'tis actions is louder than words with he, and no mistake. Where's he to-night, then, Joan? Zekiel told me they wasn't manin' to land 'fore mornin'."

"Gone up to leave word to Killigarth, I reckon," said Joan. "There don't seem much goin' on here," she added, looking round with a disappointed expression. "'Tis a proper dead-and-alive set-out, surely."

"Oh no, Joan. Why, I was thinking what a change, and wondering wherever all the people had come from."

"Oh, 'tisn't nothin' now. You should see it sometimes: the place is like a fair. There's fiddlin' and dancin' and wrastlin' and all sorts goin' on: you can't hear yourself spake for the noise. Now there ain't so much as a fight to look at."

"The boats was in so late," said Ann Lisbeth, "there's scarce bin time to hear of it yet a whiles. 'Twill be better in a hour's time."



"Supposing we went for a walk till then?" put in Eve.

"Would 'ee like it?" asked Joan, anxious that Eve should be amused.

"Far better than anything else."

"All right, then: we'll go. Ann Lisbeth, you'll come too?"

And, joining arms, the three were about to turn toward the Talland side when they were met by the old woman who had spoken to them in the morning.

"Hullo, Poll! Why, where be you bound for?" said Joan.

"Who be you?" exclaimed the woman, in her gruff, harsh voice. "What, Joan Hocken, is it?" and seizing Joan by the shoulder, she peered into her face. "Here," she added, apparently satisfied and letting go her hold, "what's this they'm tellin' up 'bout Jerrem, as has bin left behind? 'Tain't true that *that* Adam started without un a-purpose, eh?"

"I don't know that 'twas a-purpose," said Joan. "But Jerrem knowed the time o' startin' same as t'others did, and when the time was up and no Jerrem, why, they comed without un. But 'tain't likely Adam 'd got more to do with it than others had."

"They that can swaller such words as they, needn't fear that lies 'ull choke 'em," returned Poll contemptuously. "Why, now, you knows better than to say if Adam hadn't bin so willed either wan aboard the 'Lottery' ha' durst to lave the boy behind. But 'twill come home to un yet: he'll try on his masterful ways too often. And mind this, Joan Hocken—"

But Joan had turned aside. "I don't want to hear no more o' your talk," she said snappishly. "I b'lieve you've bin drinkin': that's what 'tis."

"Where *to*, then?" retorted old Poll fiercely. "Who's to bring a poor ole sawl like me a drap o' liquor, 'ceptin' 'tis Jerrem? and he left behind, what promised that this time I should ha' tay and brandy too, and was a-bringing it, like he allays does."

"Oh, well, I dare say Adam'll find somethin' for 'ee," said Joan.

"Sommat for me?" exclaimed Poll. "Curses and oaths, that's all I ever gets from he. Lord! but I pays un they back agen," she added, brightening up at the recollection of her powers. "I can sarce so well as ever he can. Drinkin', is it, I've bin?" and her voice changed into a whine. "Wait till you'm up seventy-four, Joan Hocken, and see then if you bain't glad o' a mouthful o' sperrits to keep life

in yer insides; but want I may 'fore any but Jerrem 'ud think to trate me; and he a-left, too!"

"There! come 'long, do!" exclaimed the impetuous Joan. "Now, what 'll 'ee have? I'll stand treat for it; so say the word: what's it to be?"

"Why, now, will 'ee, sure 'nuff? Awh, but you'm a dear sawl, Joan Hocken, you be; and you shall have a baw so handsome as he's lucky, and so I tell 'ee." And, talking as she went, she turned a little to the right, leading the way toward a small public-house, with a hanging-board announcing it to be the sign of the Three Pilchards, which was lighted up in certain anticipation of an increased run of business.

"Now don't 'ee hinder we," exclaimed Poll, in remonstrance to some men gathered near, one of whom laid familiarly hold of Ann Lisbeth. "Us is agoin' in here to have a drap o' drink together."

"One word for us and two for herself," laughed Joan. "There! get along in and have what you're a mind to, Poll. I'm goin' to stand treat," she said in explanation.

"Noa, I dawn't like that way o' doin' it at all," said Poll, trying to expostulate by her gestures more than her words. "Wa-al, won't wan of 'ee come? You come, my dear," she said, catching hold of Eve. "Iss, now, doo 'ee, 'cos I knawed yer feyther."

"No, no," said Joan decisively: "let Eve be. We'se goin' for a walk, and 'twill be too late if we stop. Besides, you ain't in no hurry. Stop, to be sure, and you'll get somethin' more gived to 'ee."

"Only hark to her!" exclaimed old Poll, well pleased at the cheering prospect. "Awh, 'tis a thousand pities I bain't a han'som' young sailor-chap: I'd see if Joan Hocken should go begging for a husban'; but, Lord! nowadays men's such a poor lot, with no more sperrit in 'em than a Portygee! I'm main glad I had my time afore any sich was born."

This last speech set them all laughing, in the midst of which the girls turned to cross the bridge, so as to get by the Warren to the cliff. As they passed by the houses they received several invitations to "step in a bit," to all of which Joan answered that later on they would, but now they were going for a little walk.

"There's a goodish lot gone by," said one woman, who was standing at her door. "I don't know whether 'tis wrastlin' or fightin' they'm up to, sommat or

'nother's goin' on there : anyways, Rawes Climo's in it."

"Oh, my dear life! Here, Joan, let's come on," exclaimed Ann Lisbeth, who took a very lively interest in the movements of Mr. Rawes Climo.

"But if it's a fight," said Eve, "hadn't we best go back?"

"Why for, then? So long as they fights fair I'd so soon see 'em fight as wrastle: wouldn't you, Joan?"

"Depends 'pon who 'tis," said Joan philosophically. "'Tain't no fight, Eve," she continued, "and wrastlin's only play, you know."

Thus encouraged, Eve proceeded on toward a crowd, which they now caught sight of, assembled together on a small flat space of ground not far off from the building-yard.

The moon was at its full, and its light made all around easily discerned. Joan first ducked her body to try and get a peep between the taller people's legs; then she gave a jump to see if she could catch a glimpse of anything over their heads; and both these endeavors proving futile, she announced it as her opinion that if they didn't try and elbow in they might as well have stayed at home.

Ann Lisbeth was by no means loath to use the necessary exertions, and the three soon found themselves—in considerable advance of the outer circle—pausing to take breath before they attempted a further passage of arms with a formidable-looking opponent in the shape of a thick, sturdy girl standing in front of them.

"Who's t'other one?" asked Joan.

"A Looe chap," returned the girl: "I ha'n't a-heerd what he's called, but he might so well ha' stopped home: he's a bin thraved twice afore, and now all the sense is knocked out of 'im, and he lies bleedin' like a bullock."

"Oh dear!" cried Eve, but the exclamation was quite lost on her two companions, whose fresh-whetted curiosity urged them to more vigorous efforts, so that while they pressed forward Eve found little difficulty in slipping her arms from under theirs; and, turning her exertions in an opposite direction, she soon found herself outside again and free to follow her own desires.

She did not wish to go back without Joan, and it was not pleasant to stand loitering on the outskirts of a crowd, so she determined to walk a little distance on along the cliff.

A knot of men, sitting and standing about a rough seat hollowed in the rock,

determined her upon taking the lower path, and, without looking in their direction, she walked on, her pace gradually slackening as she got beyond fear of observation.

How calm and still the water looked! Eve was just beginning to drink of the fulness of this new phase of its beauty, when a voice behind her said, "Cousin Eve, is that you?"

"Oh, Cousin Adam!" and her tone and face showed that his presence was by no means unwelcome.

"Why, how is it you're all by yourself? Where's Joan got to, that you're alone?"

"Oh, she's not very far off. We were both together till just this minute. There's a fight or something goin' on, and she's just stopped to look at it. Somebody said one of them was bleeding, and that was enough for me: I didn't wait to see any more."

Adam laughed. "Why, you're never such a coward as to be afraid of a drop of blood?" he said. "Not you!"

"Indeed but I am. If anybody but cuts his finger I feel faint."

"That's nice stuff to make a sailor's wife out of!" said Adam.

"I'm not going to be a sailor's wife," returned Eve promptly.

"Oh, indeed! How do you know that? I s'pose some of your fine London chaps have stolen a march upon us. Never mind: we'll manage to give 'em the go-by. All's fair in love and war, you know."

"I don't in the least know what you mean," said Eve, trying to assume a very indifferent tone. "But I've no doubt Joan will be looking for me by this time, so I'd best go back."

"I wouldn't advise you to," said Adam, standing so that without pushing she could not well pass him. "'Twon't be over for a good half hour yet, take my word for it, and Joan won't come away till it's ended. There's plenty of time to walk to the end twice over before you'll catch sight of her; that is, if you've a mind to go."

"Oh, I want to go very much," replied Eve, "but there's no need for me to take you," she added demurely: "I don't mind a bit going by myself."

"All right, then: I'll go back," said Adam.

"Yes, do." But the words did not come out very readily, for Eve had certainly not expected to be taken literally.

Before she had time to turn, Adam had burst into a laugh: "So that's the way the London dandies treats the maidens,

is it? Well, they're a nice lot to choose from, instead of a good, honest sailor-chap, who'd live and die for ye. Now, you take my advice, Cousin Eve: send him a mitten; give him 'turmits,' as they say hereabouts, and leave it to me to find somebody else to stand in his shoes."

"You're very kind, upon my word," said Eve, laughing — "more like a father than a cousin. But, thanking you all the same, Cousin Adam, when I *am* on the lookout — and that won't be yet a while — I think I'd as soon choose for myself."

"All right: so long as he isn't one of your counter-jumpin', tape-measurin' town fellows, I'll give my consent. But there: I needn't waste words, for I'll bet a guinea, before twelve months is past you won't own you ever saw a man who wasn't a sailor. Why, if you'd bin a man what would you have bin? Why, a sailor of course, aboard the 'Lottery,' eh?"

"And get left behind, like the young man you wouldn't wait for at Guernsey," said Eve.

But the speech was not out of her mouth before she repented making it, for Adam's face clouded over. "I only served him right," he said. "He's always up to some fool's game or 'nother, which those who ought to know better look over, because he's hail fellow with every one he meets. That was all very well years ago, but it doesn't do nowadays; and 'cos I see it and try to keep things up a little, nothing's bad enough to say of me. 'Tisn't of much use tryin' to alter things while the old man's alive, but if some of them don't learn to spell *obey* before they die, I'm a Dutchman."

They had by this time reached the projecting flat, and Eve, wishing to turn the conversation into a more pleasant channel, proposed that they should stand for a few minutes and look around them.

"Isn't it most lovely?" she said. "I didn't think any place in the world could be so beautiful."

"Yes, 'tis a pretty lookout enough now," said Adam, "with the moon shining on the sea like silver, and the stars twinklin' out all over the sky, but, by the Lord! it can put on an ugly face sometimes. I've seen the sea dashing up over where we're standin' now, and the wind drivin' dead on the land, and a surf no vessel could live in. Ah! 'tis time to think o' sayin' your prayers then, for you're within hail of kingdom come, and no mistake."

"How dreadful!" said Eve with a shudder, as she conjured up the scene. "It

wouldn't be half as dreadful if the sea looked as it does now. I seem as if I shouldn't hardly mind jumping into it a bit."

"Shouldn't you?" said Adam, throwing his arm round her waist and impelling her to the brink of the cliff: "s'pose we try it together?"

Eve gave a terrified cry; and, drawing her back, Adam said in a soothing tone, "Why, what a little coward it is, to be sure! Did you think I meant to throw you over?"

"Of course I didn't," said Eve, recovering herself: "it was only because I was startled: I shouldn't have minded else. I should like to look over."

"Come along, then: I'll hold you tight enough;" and he allowed Eve to bend forward so that she could see the gleaming surf as it rippled and lapped the rocks below.

Eve gave a sigh of satisfaction. "I feel," she said, "as if I could stand like this forever."

"So do I," said Adam.

"I don't want to go in-doors."

"Neither do I."

"Nor to speak or say a word."

"No."

"Only to look, and look, and look."

And her voice died away with the last word, and she seemed to abandon herself to the full enjoyment of the scene before her. It was one which might well absorb every thought — the vast, unbroken mirror of waters, over which the moon flung the great mantle of her light, the fleecy, floating clouds, the tall, dark cliffs, behind which lay shadowed the little town. At another time Eve would have had neither eyes nor ears nor thoughts for anything but this, but now, overpowering these surroundings, came a tremulous emotion from within — a something new, which was sweeter than pleasure and keener than pain, which made her long to speak and yet dread to break the silence. Another moment passed: the spell grew stronger. Then a warm breath stirred the air close to her cheek, and with a sudden effort Eve gave a dexterous movement which freed her from Adam's arm and placed her at a little distance from his side.

"It's quite time we went back," she said in an altered voice. "Joan must have been wondering for ever so long where I've got to."

"The wonder is you ain't at the bottom of the cliff," said Adam surlily. "The next time you think o' being so nimble

I'd advise you to choose some safer place than here."

#### CHAPTER IX.

EVE and Adam walked back in comparative silence. The fight was over, the crowd dispersed, and, as neither of them displayed any wish to join the revelry which on and about the quay was now in full swing, they took their way home by a different road.

Eve was vexed and angry with herself—unduly so, she thought, for she could not help losing Joan, neither could she help Adam following her; and as for the rest, she did not know what else she could have done. It was all Adam's fault. She wished he would leave her to herself. She could see they should never agree, and the sooner he found out that she wasn't going to let him take such free ways with her, the better friends they'd be.

As for Adam, he looked the picture of ill-humor, and the expression on his handsome face was anything but a pleasant one; and his thoughts, taking as they did the form of a volley of expletives, were the more bitter and lasting because he could not give free vent and expression to them.

The house reached, he pushed open the door, saying, as he let Eve pass in, "I told you Joan wouldn't put herself out. There she is."

And there, as he said, dimly discernible through a cloud of smoke, in the midst of several men, sat Joan, before her a glass of a smoking compound, a large bowl of which occupied the place of honor on the table.

"Oh, so you've come at last?" she said as Eve entered.

"Yes. Didn't you wonder what had become of me, Joan? I was so afraid you'd be frightened to think where I'd got to."

"Not I," said Joan, recklessly: "when I got out they told me where you was gone, and that Adam had gone after 'ee."

"Oh, then, why didn't you come too?" said Eve in an aggrieved tone: "I hadn't gone but a very little way."

"'Cos two's company and three's trumpery, my dear: ain't it, Adam? You'd ha' told me so if she hadn't: that's the best o' bein' cousins, you can speak your mind so free."

"There! where be goin' to sot to, my dear?" interrupted Uncle Zebedee, feeling, according to his expression, that there was a screw loose somewhere. "Here, bide a bits here;" and he pulled

her down on his knee. "Messmates," he said, "this is my poor brother Andrew's daughter, comed a' the ways fro' London to live wif her old uncle and keep that raskil Joan in order. What do 'ee say to drinkin' her good health and a welcome home to her, eh?"

Without replying, the company filled their glasses, and one of them giving the signal by nodding his head toward Eve, the rest followed his example, took a good drink, and then, to signify their unqualified assent to a remark by their leader that he wouldn't mind "a foo more o' her sort bein' shipped to this port," rapped their pipe-stems vigorously on the table.

"Now 'tis your turn to make a speech," said Uncle Zebedee.

"Her wants to wet her whistle first," said the weather-beaten old fellow nearest to her, judging Eve's hesitation by the cause which alone could influence his own loquacity. "Here, Joan, get a glass for her."

"No, no, Joan—don't! I'll——"

"Take a drap out o' mine," he interrupted gallantly, pushing his jorum of grog in front of her. "Doan't fear to take a good pull. I'm a moderate man myself: I never exceeds the wan glass."

"That's true," replied a sour-faced man with one eye; "only, somehow, you manages not to see the bottom o' he while there's a drap standin' in the bottle."

"Then 'tis we won't go home till mornin' this time," said Uncle Zebedee heartily, "for there's lashin's more than's put 'pon table; so at it with a will, my boys, for you may walk a deck-seam after a tub o' such stuff as this is. Come, Adam lad," he added, turning to his son, "make a pitch somewheres. Can't 'ee find room for un beside o' you, Joan?"

"No, I'd rather have his room than his company," said Joan, getting up to fetch some more glasses: then, catching Eve's rather wistful gaze following her, she selected one with bright-colored flowers painted on it, saying, as she set it before her, "There! that purty one's for you."

Eve's face brightened at what was evidently intended as a peace-offering. She took the glass, expressing her admiration of it; and, having it in her hand, there was no further good in protesting against its being filled.

"'Tis quite a ladies' tippie, this," said the visitor who was doing the honors of the punch-bowl. "Here, Joan my dear, hand over your glass agen. You've only had a thimbleful."

Joan did as she was desired, and then Eve's neighbor said, "Come, we ha'n't a had your speech yet, you know."

"Oh, I can't make a speech," laughed Eve. "I—I can only say I'm very much obliged to everybody."

"Wa-al, that'll do," said the old fellow approvingly; "I'm not wan for many words myself: I likes a foo here and a foo there, turn and turn about, give all a chance, and pass the grog round: that's what I calls behavior in good company. Now, then, listen to what the maid's got to say," he said, bringing down his fist on the table, and thereby setting everything on it in a jingle: "Zebedee's niece is agoin' to spake."

Thus singled out for observation, there was nothing for it but to repeat her former words, and having got out, "I feel very much obliged to everybody," Eve turned her blushing face round to her uncle, unaware that Adam was behind, and that he as well as his father could see her pretty air of shy embarrassment.

"Hear! hear! well said!" roared out old Zebedee reassuringly, giving her cheek at the same time a hearty, sounding kiss, while Adam exclaimed, with ill-suppressed irritation, "Why don't you let her sit down like the rest, father? there's chairs enough for all, surely;" and he pointed to a vacant chair next to Joan, of which, with a nod to Uncle Zebedee, Eve took possession, leaving Adam to seat himself at a little distance off.

Without further remark Adam plunged into conversation with the guest who happened to be his neighbor; Eve entered into an explanation with Joan; and the rest of the company returned to their grog and pipes and the repetition of their oft-told tales of privateering, press-gang adventures, and escapes from French prisons. Eve's interest had just been aroused by one of these narratives when Joan, noting that her glass remained untouched, pushed it significantly towards her. Eve waited for an instant, and then pushed it back again; but Joan would not be denied, and they were still engaged in this pantomime, when Adam, who had apparently been watching them, said dictatorially, "Let be, Joan. Why do you press if she don't want to drink it?"

Thinking he was annoyed at her non-compliance, Eve said, "Yes: I'm sure it's very good, but I'm not used to such things. I don't know that I ever tasted spirits in my life."

"Well, taste that, then," said Adam.

She shook her head.

"Do," said Adam entreatingly. "To oblige me put your lips to it."

"Oh, well, I don't mind doing that," said Eve, raising the glass to her mouth.

"Now," he said, turning it so as to drink from the same place, "I'll finish it for you;" but before he could carry out his intention, Joan, whose face had suddenly blazed up with color, knocked the glass out of his hand, and before he had time to recover his surprise her own and its contents were shied to the other end of the room.

"I say, what's the row there?" exclaimed Uncle Zebedee. "Why, Joan, what's come to 'ee, maid, that you're smashin' up the glasses? 'Tis reither early for that sort o' game yet a whiles."

"Best to take a drap more," said the distributor of the punch. "There's no coor like a hair o' the dog that bit 'ee."

"'Tisn't nothin' but a bit o' skylarkin', uncle," said Joan, ashamed of her outburst of temper. "You ain't offended, Eve, are you?"

"No, I'm not offended," said Eve, who sat aghast and dumfounded at such reckless breakage.

"I haven't angered you, Adam, have I?" said poor Joan humbly.

"Certainly not," said Adam coldly. "If you haven't angered Eve, you haven't angered me. You've broke two glasses, that's all."

"Oh, darn the glasses!" said Zebedee, who saw there was some antagonism between the two. "You'm welcome to break all the glasses in the house if it plases 'ee; only let's have pace and quietness, and sommat to drink out of."

"Suppose somebody gives us a song?" said Zekiel Johns. "Here, Joan," he added, by way of throwing oil on the troubled waters, "come, strike up 'Polly Oliver': us ha'n't a had she for a brave bit."

Joan felt in little mood for singing, but after causing this temporary disturbance some amends for it was due from her; so without more delay than was occasioned by the request that she would not begin until pipes and glasses were made ready for undisturbed enjoyment, she commenced. The tune, though not unmusical, was somewhat monotonous—a defect compensated for by the dramatic pathos of the narrative, and Eve was soon completely engrossed in the fortunes of the girl who in order to follow her lover had donned male attire.



"Now Polly being sleepy, her hung down her head,

And asked for a candle to light her to bed," sang Joan, when open flew the door, and on its threshold stood a tall, gaunt figure whose sudden appearance seemed to strike consternation into all present. Glasses were overturned, pipes thrown down; some of the men sprang to their feet: all was instant confusion.

"What news, Jonathan?" hastily exclaimed Adam, who had advanced to meet the new-comer. "Where are ye come from?"

"Liskeard," answered the man. "I was 'bliged to give 'em the double by comin' that ways. Word's passed along that you be looked for with a fine rin o' goods."

"H'm! I thought us was safe this time, anyhow," exclaimed Zebedee. "Now, how did they come to know that, I wonder?"

"But they can't tell that we're in yet, surely?" said one of the men.

"Noa: they'm thinkin' you'll make the land some time to-morrow. The cruiser's to get under way 'bout daybreak, and the sodgers is to come on here and be ready for 'ee ashore."

"Then there's no time to be lost," said Adam decisively. "We must land as soon as we can, and after that make ourselves scarce."

Some more talking ensued, during which hats were found, lanterns produced and trimmed, and then the two girls and Jonathan were left alone.

"They ain't going to sea again, are they?" Eve ventured to ask.

"Not yet a while," said Joan: "they've got somethin' to do to the boats first. But you must go off to your bed, Eve. You ain't used to sittin' up late."

"No, let me keep you company, Joan: I'd rather do that than go to bed," pleaded Eve.

Joan hesitated. "I think best not this time," she said. "I fancy uncle 'ud rather you was to bed when he comes back agen; and Jonathan 'll be here, you know. You ain't going yet a whiles, I s'pose, Jonathan?"

"Noa, not I. I wants sommat to ate, I does. Got any mate pasties or that put by, Joan Hocken? 'Tis no good hidin' things frae me."

"Here, you haven't spoke to my cousin yet," said Joan laughing.

"What! she?" said Jonathan, who had drawn a chair to the fire, over which he sat cowering. "What's her called? I've

a seed she somewhere's afore. I don't like her looks at all, I doesn't."

"There, that ain't no way mannerly," said Joan, intimating by a look toward Eve and a tap on her forehead that Jonathan was weak in the head.

"Has her got any money?" he asked, suddenly turning round.

"I don't know," said Joan. "You have, though, haven't ye?"

"A bag full!" exclaimed Jonathan—"gowlden guineas! and half-guineas and crowns!" he added, with an unction that showed that the very mention of their names was a positive enjoyment to him.

"No pound-notes for you, Jonathan, eh?" said Joan.

"No, I b'lieve 'ee," chuckled Jonathan. "They doesn't dare to give me sich."

"Now you'm goin' to tell me where you keep 'em all to, this time?" said Joan, trying by her banter to keep him quiet until she and Eve had set the room a little straight.

Jonathan shook his head. "I sha'n't tell 'ee nothin', not while her's here," he said, jerking his elbow in Eve's direction. "Her'd go and blab, and be the ruin o' us all, her would. Can't 'ee send her home, Joan?"

"Don't take no notice of un," Joan said in an undertone. "He ain't got his wits about un like me, so he says just what comes into his head. I'll soon stop his mouth, though;" and she went into the kitchen and lifted down the best part of a large pie. "Now what else is there?" she said reflectively, "for when he sets to, that won't go far. His head can't stand drink—it drives un mad," she added in explanation to Eve's look of amazement, "so he makes it up with vittals; and if he could ate the same meal twice over in every house in the village, he'd be welcome, for the good service he does us all."

Eve only waited until Jonathan's meal was spread before him, and then, yielding to a further entreaty from Joan, she rather reluctantly went off to bed, half induced by Joan's assurance that she intended very soon to follow.

"I shall only wait till they've had all they want," she called out, "and then I shall come too, Eve."

Eve determined that though she went to bed she would not go to sleep—a resolution which she kept for fully ten minutes after her head was on her pillow, and which she was not certain she had for more than a few moments broken when, some hours later, she started up to find

Joan  
mus  
and  
beg  
slee  
She  
she  
quit  
tool  
not  
in t  
don  
of g  
tind  
with  
pru  
agai  
G  
bed  
tion  
from  
tick  
ing  
S  
not  
abo  
cloa  
caut  
door  
The  
mer  
Tim  
latch  
The  
on t  
surp  
cour  
mou  
flutt  
from  
tion  
tery  
L  
door  
dow  
way  
kitch  
near  
varie  
way;  
room  
that  
in l  
Wh  
thei  
stoo  
was  
was  
whic  
the  
E  
wher

Joan's place behind her still vacant. "I must have been sleeping," she thought; and then, as consciousness returned, she began to feel that instead of a doze her sleep had been one of some duration. She sat up and listened: not a sound could she hear. The room was dark, the house quite still. A feeling of undefined fright took possession of her. Surely Joan had not gone out: they would never leave her in the house alone. What was to be done? She had no light, and no means of getting one, for those were the days of tinder-boxes and brimstone matches, and with even these appliances few save the prudent housewife provided themselves against emergencies.

Growing desperate, Eve slipped out of bed and listened with sharpened attention. Not a sound save that which came from the clocks, whose measured tick-tick seemed mocking the nervous thumping of her heart.

Something must be done: she could not go back to bed again: so, groping about, she found her gown, and then her cloak, and, hastily throwing these on, she cautiously crept down the stairs to the door which opened on the sitting-room. There was evidently a light, for its glimmer came through the chinks of the door. Timidly she laid her fingers on the latch: it lifted, but she pushed in vain. The door would not yield: it was bolted on the outside. Pausing to recover this surprise, Eve braced up her trembling courage, and then she turned and remounted the stairs, her heart no longer fluttering, and most of her fears ousted from their place by a sudden determination to find out the reason of this mystery.

Leading from her bedroom was another door and a passage from which stairs led down to the kitchen below. Along by this way Eve crept. To her amazement, the kitchen, though empty of people, was nearly filled with furniture, between the various articles of which she stepped her way, and then, catching full sight of the room beyond, she paused. Surely no, that wasn't the place she had been sitting in!—bare and stripped of everything. Why, the very walls were gone, and in their place, arranged one above another, stood rows of small barrels. The floor was strewn with ropes and tools, the fire was out, and candles flared in the wind which came in at the half-open hatch of the door.

Eve stood bewildered, not knowing whether to go forward or back; but an-

other instant decided her, for in front of the hearthstone, close by where on the previous night she had sat, emerging from below, a head slowly appeared, and another glance showed her that the face was the face of Uncle Zebedee. Eve caught her breath. This, then, must be smuggling, and without further thought she turned, flew up the stairs, jumped into bed and hid her head under the clothes.

With returning calmness, however, came the recollection that if Joan came up the dress and cloak would betray her; so she got up and put them back into their place, and then again lay down to listen and wait—not long before the noise assured her the furniture was being replaced. Then, after an interval, came a buzz of voices, but not until a faint glimmer of gray had crept into the room did Eve hear the bolt undone, footsteps ascending the stairs and Joan coming stealthily in. Involuntarily, Eve shut her eyes, nor, though Joan seemed to have brought over a candle to look at her, did she open them, determining that while Joan was engaged in undressing she would pretend to be aroused, and awaken. But there was no opportunity afforded for the carrying out of this deception, for Joan, having satisfied herself concerning her companion, merely set down the candle, blew it out, and threw herself, dressed as she was, on the bed.

From Temple Bar.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

HIGH genius breaks up the sense of human brotherhood. It lifts a man out of his race, and other men look up to him as if certain attributes entered into the composition of his nature in which they had no part. We have no sympathy with the man of far-darting, electric intelligence, and somehow feel closer to humdrum, commonplace mortals who stand on the same platform as ourselves, and with whom we have all things in common. Especially is inward greatness—nobleness and saintliness of character—a separative influence. Its motives, ways of looking at life and estimating the value of things, are not those of the average fallible man, who, if he manages now and then to reach the white heat of unselfishness, is not able to keep up to it long. Of the saint and the sage the former, far more than the latter, overwhelms us with

this sense of separateness. St. Theresa in her spotless, purity and superiority to mundane matters is farther away from us than Sir Isaac Newton. We touch our hat to the latter in respect; we abase ourselves before the other in reverence and adoration. Then again, a man is entitled to no credit for being a genius, while he is for being a saint. Praise should no more be ascribed to a man for being cleverer than the rest of ordinary mortals than it should be ascribed to him for being six feet high and having auburn hair or hazel eyes. He had no hand in determining his gifts. His mind is his fate, not his free will or choice; and credit should be given, not to him, but his Maker, who has in this instance surpassed the splendor of his average productions. It is easy to be what another has made us — the medium through which another may manifest his creative skill — than it is to rise above the moral tendencies of the nature we have been born to. And thus it is that there are fewer saints than sages in the world — that greatness of character is rarer than greatness of intellect — that we are so seldom called on to mourn the disintegration of the race through the separative influence of pre-natural goodness.

When, therefore, I do any kind of obeisance to a man of genius, it must be understood that it is to his exhibitor who stands behind him, and who is thinking, working, and discovering himself through his instrumentality, that my obeisance is paid. It is only a man's moral qualities that are his own; and if he has none to commend him to me, I am not aware of any reason why I should reverence him, let him be the profoundest thinker, the greatest discoverer, the sweetest poet that ever lived. Reading the biographies of great men, I confess to having a warmer and kindlier feeling towards them when I come on some story or trait of fallible nature that does no serious discredit to our common humanity, some deed of ordinary human goodness which I feel in my heart of hearts I could do did opportunity offer, and which thus becomes a bond of union and brotherhood between us. It is more frequently the desire to get close to our great men, than a malignant inspiration, that leads commonplace mortals to remember and linger round their weaknesses, defects, and sweet human infirmities.

The clamor and hooting raised against any man who ventures to point out a defect in the character, or vice in the life,

of a great man is unjust. Great men and little men and average men ought all to be measured by the same moral standard — by the fidelity with which they lived up to the light and truth they possessed. If we shake our heads and say So-and-so was a questionable character though an unquestionable poet, we run the risk of being bonneted, or at least gibbeted as a hypocrite. A whisper against him is flat blasphemy. We are told in no mealy-mouthed terms that we ought to be blind to the moral imperfections of an intellectual giant, and consider only what a great poet, philosopher, inventor he was — how he has enriched the life-blood of the world with the sweetness of his songs and the brilliance of his discoveries — how on the whole the world has gained, not lost, by his existence. A large-hearted charity and pity whose covering mantle hides his sins and shortcomings from the world — that is the spirit in which we should regard him. But, why should pity and regret be extended to a great man's errors any more than to those of a man whose name is never whispered half a mile from home? Why should the same sin in one man be a redeeming vice, and in another a gross offence? When you want to fix the solid human worth of a man, be he great or lowly, no factor that can affect the decision either way ought to be suppressed. In his charge the judge has to state all facts impartially, and leave it to the public to determine, through their representatives, if the good in him prevail over the bad; and the scales ought not to be weighted by the fact that he achieved distinction in any province of literature, or science, or art.

These paragraphs are not written to prepare the reader for any adverse estimate of the moral qualities of the character of Sir Humphry Davy, but rather to acquaint him with the spirit in which this article is conceived. We propose to contemplate him chiefly as a man and a brother, only incidentally as a chemist and scientific inquirer; and to say that we shall probably find in him matter both for love and regret is only to say that he was human, and that, in spite of his lofty genius, his bold, daring mind, his spirit ever soaring to the highest elevation of thought and conjecture, yet never losing its grip on fact, the trail of the serpent ran across his moral manhood as it does across the inner personality of us all.

There is a tendency among biographers, even scientific ones, who spare neither

sweat nor lung in shouting down belief in the supernatural element in nature and providence, to make the infancy and boyhood of the heroes whose greatness they celebrate quite marvellous. They chronicle small stories illustrative of future greatness, find in the clever utterances of boys promise of the glorious fruits of their manhood, see predictions where they should see conceit, and make prodigies and marvels of them. There probably never lived a boy, even the dullest, of whom some instance of shrewdness, far in advance of his years, might not be recorded, were it worth while to recall it. But the invariably precocious child is perhaps as rare a monster; and I question if Shakespeare himself differed much in point of intelligence from the bright-eyed, smart lads of his school and his years. And when a hero's friends aver that they clearly discerned the greatness of the man in the gabblings of the boy, it is likely that they only mean to inform the world of, and compliment themselves on, their own superior insight and sagacity. In spite of his biographers' manifest anxiety to deck the youth of their hero in this false glitter, it is obvious that Sir Humphry was a very ordinary boy. If he made eloquent speeches replete with extraordinary wisdom to his playmates and schoolmates, if he gathered them round the engine-fires and recited thrilling narratives of goblins, ogres, and knights-errant, and composed doggerel verses, have not many boys of mediocre talent done the same? All Penzance remembered his precocity when he had reached the pinnacle of his greatness; but the truth is that his teachers at school considered him rather a dolt. Of course, say the biographers, if he did not learn it must have been the master's fault. Davy being a man of genius must have been a boy of genius, and if his natural capacity was left to lie dormant in him, clearly the dominie, the educator or drawer-out, ought to be abused. Dr. Cardew, a successful teacher in Truro, honestly admitted that he did not discern the faculty by which Humphry was afterwards distinguished. Another of his teachers, who had a weakness for rhyme, instead of anticipating Davy's future eminence, made doggerel about him, and secured his own immortality by becoming his pupil's laureate. "Now, Master Davy; now, sir, I have 'e. No one shall save 'e, good Master Davy." This honest man is heartily abused for failing to

teach his pupil anything; but it was probably he who by such rhymes as these inspired little Humphry with the taste for poetical compositions by which he was afterwards distinguished, and encouraged the callow wings of his muse to attempt the heavenward flights.

At the age of sixteen Humphry was apprenticed to a surgeon and druggist in Penzance, his native town; but it is to be feared that he was a sore trial to the honest apothecary, that he scamped his work or neglected it altogether, and was oftener to be found outside, swinging on the gate, winking and making grimaces at the passers-by, than grinding drugs and making pills. The good doctor got rather vituperative at the wilfulness and general unmanageableness of his apprentice. In his vexation he would scold him as the most incorrigible lad he ever had, the idlest dog in the town, a plague to all who had anything to do with him. Impelled by the scientific afflatus which was now beginning to stir in his spirit, he neglected his work, and when not chaffing his fellows at the gate, was to be found working destruction in the apothecary's garret, which he had converted into a laboratory. Ever and anon, as some explosion was heard up-stairs, and his bottles began to pirouette on their shelves and jostle each other, the worthy man would throw up his hands in alarm and place himself and his poisons under divine protection. Humphry carried about with him a geological hammer, and I fear often wasted his time when sent on a message in chipping specimens from the rocks, for he had usually a pocketful or two of them about him. As he drew near manhood his genius developed rapidly. He showed a marked desire to associate with those who were older and wiser than himself, especially those who made any pretensions to scientific knowledge. Discussing with them, he often pressed them so sore that in one of these friendly contentions his opponent exclaimed, "I tell thee what, Humphry; thou art the most quibbling hand at a dispute I ever met with in my life." The speech bewrayeth the religious persuasion of his opponent. The future philosopher, at this period of his life, was often to be found on the hills or by the shores, finding society where none intrudes, and holding communion with nature with a fulness of ecstasy that reminds us of Wordsworth. Like him he learned to love it as though it were a living, breathing spirit. There is no

profanity, but the deepest reverence in the following sentence, although it occurs in a trivial letter to a friend.

That part of Almighty God which resides in the rocks and woods, in the blue and tranquil sea, in the clouds and sunbeams of the sky, is calling upon thee with a loud voice; religiously obey its commands, and come and worship with me on the ancient altars of Cornwall.

His letters generally, till literary experience and practice had given him freedom and grace of expression, are crude and boyish; but when they touch on nature they burst into unexpected eloquence and imagery. When he was an old man, waiting on his death and feeling its cold breath coming nearer to him, with what delight he looked back on this period when he first awakened to a perception of his powers, and to a sense of that something "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean and the living air"! The old fire rekindles in him as he remembers it, and, as in that very interesting and philosophical book "*Salmonia*," book of sports though it be, he breaks out into such apostrophes as the following:—

Ah! could I recover anything like that freshness of mind which I possessed at twenty-five, and which, like the dew of the dawning morning, covered all objects and nourished all things that grew, and in which they were more beautiful even than midday sunshine, what would I not give! All that I have gained in an active and not unprofitable life. How well I remember that delightful season, when, full of power, I sought for power in others; and power was sympathy, and sympathy was power; when the dead and the unknown, the great of other ages and of distant places, were made, by the force of imagination, my companions and friends; when every voice seemed one of praise and love; when every flower had the bloom and color of the rose; and every spray or plant seemed either the poet's laurel or the civic oak—which appeared to offer themselves as wreaths to adorn my throbbing brow. But, alas! this cannot be.

Though his literary as distinguished from his scientific attainments were deficient in his earlier manhood, he soon made up the ground he had lost. When a man has got a clear conception and grasp of what he wants to say, he soon acquires the power to say it forcibly and well. At the age of twenty-one Davy seems to have read few, if any, standard works, indeed scarcely to have known the names of the historic literary ornaments of England; yet in conversation he could

hold his own with such men as Coleridge and Southey, and startle and delight them with the freshness of his speculations and the fertility of his mind. There are some men whose strength seems to leave them when they take up the pen; and though a brilliant talker and lecturer, Davy's earlier letters betray little of the force and fire of his conversation. At least there is nothing in them to keep such a man as Coleridge spell-bound. Indeed Davy was so illiterate when he went to London, at the age of twenty-two, that he could not write an acceptance of an invitation to dinner. He had to appeal to his friend Underwood to compose it for him. It is recorded that Mr. Underwood was out when Davy called in a state of great excitement, alarming Mrs. Underwood by his manifest anxiety to see her son. Davy left an earnest request that he would come to him at once. "I went," says Underwood, "and found him cudgelling his brains to produce his first attempt at fashionable composition." A score of answers were on the table, blotted and corrected, and he was in a state of mingled perplexity and despair.

The youthful chemist was discovered by Mr. Davies Gilbert, president of the Royal Society. Davy was the greatest of all his discoveries. He found him swinging to and fro at the apothecary's gate in Penzance; and being a student of character, and proud of his diagnostic skill in that direction, was arrested by the intellect he thought he saw shining through the lad's face. He was told of Humphry's laboratory in the doctor's garret. "A chemist, is he?" said Mr. Gilbert; "then I must have some talk with him." The result of the conversation was that young Humphry was offered free access to Mr. Gilbert's library, and counsel and supervision in the prosecution of his studies and experiments. Unless we accept the rather debatable dogma, that genius will carve out a way of its own to greatness, that no untowardness of circumstance will bury it from the world, Mr. Gilbert's discovery must be gratefully acknowledged. What a man achieves in life is as much the result of external circumstances as of the force and energy within him. The mute inglorious Miltons and village Hampdens of the world had to remain silent and uncelebrated because a fortuitous concourse of events left them no alternative; and Davy might have been "born to blush unseen and waste his sweetness on the desert air" if Mr. Gilbert had not placed him in an atmosphere



congenial to the full development of his powers. Much to the indignation of Mr. John Tonkin, who had been his friend, benefactor, and counsellor from boyhood, and, indeed, of his mother before him from girlhood, Humphry accepted Mr. Gilbert's aid in securing him the situation of assistant to a distinguished chemist in Bristol. Thither, before he had reached his twentieth year, on the 2d of October 1798, Humphry went; and there he remained till the beginning of February 1801, when on Count Rumford's recommendation he was invited to become assistant lecturer on chemistry at the Royal Institution. Science may rejoice that Humphry followed the bent of his own genius and the advice of Mr. Gilbert, though Mr. Tonkin's claims on his reverence and obedience were by no means inconsiderable. Davy's grandfather and grandmother had died of a violent fever within a few hours of each other, leaving three girls behind them friendless and unprovided for. Mr. Tonkin removed one of the terrors of death from the mother's heart by promising to be both father and mother to her orphan children. He took them to his own home, and brought them up with the tenderest care; and when they left him by marriage to make homes of their own, transferred his affections to their children. Humphry's mother was early left a widow, and the benevolent old gentleman, who, by the way, had a will and a humor of his own, and was a celebrated local epigrammatist, made himself stepfather to two generations whose only claim upon him was that they were poor and friendless. The crusty, kindly old man wanted Humphry to settle down in Penzance as a doctor; and so much chagrined was he when he saw the young man leave by the coach which, on the 2nd of October 1798, brought into Penzance the news of Nelson's glorious victory of Aboukir Bay, that he revoked a legacy he had bequeathed him.

It has been said that Davy would have won distinction in poetry; and lamentations have been heard that the philosopher spoiled the poet. Oh, what a Shakespeare was in Davy lost! His philosophical writings certainly glow with imagery, and he clothed science, which in other hands was hard and technical, in the language of art and romance, and made it as interesting as a novel. Coleridge was fascinated by the poetic brilliance of his scientific prelections, and was most constant in his attendance when

Davy was the lecturer; he went, he said, to increase his stock of metaphors. The published pieces of our author cannot be ranked very high; but most of them were written before his twentieth year, after which other pursuits and studies occupied him. He had the usual severe fit of poetry peculiar to that period of life, when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." A young French lady, probably older than himself, as he was only seventeen, an age at which lads fall in love with girls their seniors in years, was the sweet inspirer. He addressed sonnets to her of which, let us be thankful, she made the fire the receptacle. It was not without reluctance that he let his poetic gift expire—a gift not used is cancelled or withdrawn. On the sly, and at spare moments, far into his manhood he courted the muse, and often sent a sigh and a tear after her, as the following letter shows.

I inclose the little poem, [it was one on Julia's eyes!] on which your praise has stamped a higher value than it deserves. If I thought that people in general would think as favorably of my poetical productions I would write more verses, and would write them with more care; but I fear you are partial. I am very glad, however, that you like the little song; at some future period I will send you another.

He would even run out of his laboratory, leaving his experiments to take care of themselves, if any one solicited him to indite a poem. Once a prologue for a comedy was urgently needed by a theatrical manager. The leading poets of the day had been applied to and had refused to invoke their genius. Davy heard of it and instantly quitted his laboratory, returning in an hour with a poem of fifty lines, which was thankfully accepted by the distracted manager, and which was printed in the first edition of the play. He also sometimes showed a social aptitude, not given to all philosophers. Here is an instance which occurred during a visit he made to Norway in 1824. Several distinguished gentlemen were invited to meet him at the country-seat of one of the leading native merchants. After dinner a succession of toasts was proposed, the last of which, a compliment to the nationality of the guest of the evening, was, "The British Constitution, a model for all the world." The custom of the country required that a stranger should return to the host and hostess the thanks of the company. A pause ensued, during which all eyes were turned towards the English philosopher. As

soon as he was informed of the duty he was expected to discharge, he rose and ingeniously repaid the compliment by proposing the toast, "Norwegian hospitality, a model for all the world."

Distinguished as a physicist, gifted with the "vision and faculty divine" and a daring yet well-disciplined, speculative intellect, his sympathies were quite dead to the sister arts. It was a standing joke among his intimates, one provocative of never-failing laughter, to propose Davy for a song. He had no ear for music; and yet when he was absorbed heart and mind and eyes in some chemical experiment, music would well up to his lips in spite of him, only no human being could ever identify the song he was attempting, and he could never reproduce it when asked. During an excursion with some scientific friends, serious, elaborate, and long-maintained efforts were made to teach him "God save the King," but his tutors gave up the attempt as hopeless. His sense of time was so deficient that, though he joined a volunteer corps, he never got drafted out of the awkward squad. He could not keep step, and was often growled at and cursed for kicking the heels of the rank in front, and by those behind for having his own heels in the way. It was a bitter drop in the cup of life; he engaged a drill-sergeant to instruct him in private, but he too gave him up in despair; and he never learned how to march in order and shoulder arms. Conducted through the magnificent galleries of the Louvre his comment was—not spoken an anti-climax or in an affectation of indifference, but in all sincerity—"What a splendid collection of fine frames!" It was a cruel disappointment to the gentleman who was acting as *cicerone*, and who was radiant inwardly in triumphant anticipation of the philosopher's surprise and delight. Davy rushed through the picture-galleries with philosophic indifference. He was detained almost by force before Raphael's picture of the "Transfiguration," and told to admire it as the most celebrated picture in the collection. "Indeed," said he, "then I am very glad I have seen it," and resumed his career with increased speed, that he might not again be arrested. Painting delighted him not, nor sculpture either. In hopes that the statuary would touch some chord of feeling in his nature, his friend ushered him into the apartment where the Venus de Medicis, the Laocoon group, and the Apollo Belvedere are preserved: there was no faculty in him to which their beau-

ties could appeal; he stood dead before the dead, or rather dead before the living; for while the marble glowed with life and thought and feeling, there was no speculation or emotion in the face of the man. One little exclamation of surprise, however, did escape him before he left the Louvre. Who has not heard the story of the death of the young Bithynian, Antinous, and of the gratitude and life-long sorrow of Adrian? Antinous was the companion of the emperor in one of his frequent journeys to Syria and the East. It is supposed that he lost his life in Egypt in an effort to rescue the endangered life of the emperor, while he was bathing in the Nile. Simultaneously with the death of Antinous, a new star was discovered in the heavens; Adrian named it Antinous, as if his favorite when lost to earth had become a gain to heaven. He ordered his deification, erected temples where adoration was ordered to be paid him. He named cities after the departed hero, and summoned religion, art, and sculpture to combine in keeping his name in everlasting remembrance. A statue of Antinous was found in the baths of Adrian; another in the emperor's villa at Tivoli. The countenance of the youthful hero and god has something melancholy about it: his eyes are large, with fine curves and outlines; and in his look there is something expressed which is beautiful with the life and purity of the inner spirit. There is an Antinous in the Louvre, sculptured in alabaster. Before it Sir Humphry paused, gazed at it for a moment, surely with a tumult of emotion in his soul, as the recollection of this sad story of love and death rose up in his memory. Amid the hushed expectancy of his companions he exclaimed, "Gracious heavens! what a fine bit of stalactite." It was only a mass of carbonate of lime! To spend on the one hand, nature must economize on the other; and, endowed with the richest mental powers, Davy was scantily furnished with the divine gift of sympathy. He was the embodiment of hard, glittering intellect, keen as a scimitar and quite as cold; but the nobler humanities which link men together had been denied him.

Davy's personal appearance was suggestive of anything but mental power. His face was the reverse of comely. He was small and insignificant, and even in the morning of his manhood stooped and was round-shouldered. He was uncouth and clumsy in his manners; and when he first began his career as a lecturer at the

Royal Institution, there was a smile of self-satisfaction on his face, which suggested that he was on the best terms with himself, and which predisposed his audience rather to hiss than cheer. He was somewhat dogmatic withal, and once received a snub which must have been galling to his self-esteem. A London publisher, whose habit was to entertain the *literati* of England at his table once a week, invited the assistant lecturer on chemistry among them, a half-formed nebula among the fixed stars. The worthy publisher was doubtful about Davy's right to sit down with men of European fame, and apologized to the company for venturing to introduce to them one whose name had yet to be made, and whose looks promised so little. The raw, ramshackle, awkward young man, however, was quite able to hold his own, and prepared to assert his right to contribute to the literary and philosophical discussion; and being just at that age when young men think all men fools and "fogies" who are older than themselves, he even ventured to pose as an oracle and instructor. The conversation turned on the poetic beauties of Milton. In the middle of a declamation of one of the poet's finest passages by an enthusiastic admirer, Davy interposed the infelicitous remark that "he could never understand Milton." Here was an opportunity for which the great men were wistfully waiting to sit on and quash this obtrusive, beardless dogmatist. "Very likely, sir," said one of them: "nothing more likely; but you don't mean to blame the poet for that."

His stooping gait, discordant voice, and bovine countenance produced so unfavorable an impression on Count Rumford, that that gentleman expressed regret that he had so hastily invited him to become a lecturer in connection with the institution. He refused to allow Davy to lecture in the theatre till his qualifications had been tested in the smaller lecture-room. It is needless to say that he passed the ordeal triumphantly; the count's first exclamation after the lecture was, "Let this lad have free access to all the arrangements and helps the institution can afford." On the succeeding day he discoursed in public. His subsequent career is a record of triumphs. His lectures were a new dissipation for the frivolous; a revelation to the wise. The sensation they created, and the admiration they obtained, can hardly be realized. Men of the highest genius and of the most exalted rank, the literary and the scien-

tific, the practical and the poetical, blue-stockings and butterflies, the fresh in mind and the faded—all crowded to hear him. His youth, his rusticity, his natural eloquence, his chemical knowledge, his happy illustrations and well-conducted experiments, excited universal attention and unbounded applause. Compliments, invitations, presents, were showered upon him from all quarters. Peers were candidates for his company at dinner. Foreign tourists record in their journals the excitement and rapture of literary London. Fashionable parties were incomplete without him. At the dinner-tables of dukes he sat on the right hand of duchesses. Poetesses of historic name indited gushing sonnets to him, and even accompanied them with presents of trinkets. One of them requested him to wear at his next lecture a locket she had ventured anonymously to send him, to signify to her that he deigned to accept her homage, and pardoned the daring of the devotee. Let us thank heaven that the great and the fashionable among them did not ruin him. Serious injury doubtless they did to his character; and marvellous would it have been had a youth of parts, just bursting into manhood, not been turned into a snob and a prig by this fulsome adulation, had the incense burned to him not mounted to his brain and spoiled the simplicity and loveliness of his disposition. That he was not lured aside from the true path and intention of his life, as poor Burns was, by the superficial reverence of the empty and the titled, who were simply in search of a new excitement, says much either for the strength of his character or for the thoroughness of the grip his genius had upon him. Ever untravelling, his thoughts returned to his laboratory; and though he did set up as a man of fashion, he never forgot to keep this ambition subordinate to that of scientific fame. He would remain calmly conducting his experiments till he left himself no time to dress for dinner; and in his haste would "clothe himself upon" with white and clean linen, without "unclothing himself of" that which had ceased to be sweet and fresh. One day he would be of aldermanic proportions, wearing a wardrobe of five shirts on his back and five pairs of stockings on his calves, till he was able to snatch an hour from science and frivolity, and then he would appear, to the consternation of his friends, but a shadow of his former greatness. These alternations of physical bulk were matters of sore perplexity

and alarm, till the cause of them was discovered. His day was too short for the service of the two opposing deities. He would serve science till the hour to present his offering to fashion arrived; and then he would dart out of his laboratory and run a neck-and-neck race with time. When the solemnities of folly were over he would return to his laboratory and remain in it till three or four in the morning; and the servants of the institution often found him at his post when they arrived next day. All clever young men are ready to reconstruct society offhand; and when Davy went to London his sympathies were towards republicanism, but his social success changed him into an aristocrat. He began to see defensive positions in rank and title, to which before he was blind; and nothing helped to clarify his vision more than the honor of knighthood, which was conferred on him in 1812 by the prince regent. He was the first person, it may be remarked, on whom his Royal Highness conferred the honor. His conviction of the usefulness of hereditary rank grew upon him till it ultimately possessed him. In his classification of the comparative greatnesses of life, Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., stood far higher than Humphry Davy, chemist, philosopher, and inventor. The government conferred the baronetcy on him in 1818, but gave him no pension to support it. It is a cheap recognition of, and tribute to, literary or scientific greatness, which government is not reluctant to pay when it has previously satisfied itself that the chances are that the man it delights to honor will die childless. Out of this pride of title and shame at his plebeian birth flowed all the defects of his character. He became arrogant, self-conscious, and self-asserting, and tried to import into the republic of letters the haughtiness and social distinctions that obtain among the aristocracy of birth. His patrician demeanor made his tenure of the president's chair of the Royal Society, compared with that of far inferior men, a failure. Somehow the baronetcy did not overawe his fellows as it ought, and when they feigned dread of it, as sometimes they did, the suspicion that they were laughing at him was torture. Speaking of the honors paid him, I do not know anything that would have touched and gratified a wise man more than the following. Lady Davy, travelling alone on the Continent, came to Basle, and expressed a desire to see its library. It was on a Sunday that she reached the place; and, having to leave

it early next morning, fears were expressed that, considering the strictness with which Sunday is observed at Basle, the gratification of her wish was impossible. However, she wrote to the librarian, stating the reason why she was obliged to ask so unusual a favor. For the wife of Davy the librarian would break the Sabbath at once, and appointed the hour of ten for her visit. To her thanks for his attention to her—a stranger—he replied:—

Madam, I have held the keys of this library for thirty years, during which period only three persons have been admitted to see its treasures on the Sunday; two of these were crowned heads, the third the wife of the most celebrated philosopher in Europe.

The same moral and physical courage which Davy displayed in his youth by deliberately taking out his pocket-knife and excising a part of his leg which had been bitten by a mad dog, and cauterizing the wound with his own hands, was exhibited in his chemical investigations. His discovery that nitrous gas, the vapor of aquafortis, is not injurious to health, resulted from experiments on his own life. He obtained the gas in a state of purity, and, though well aware of the danger he ran if the received theory of its deadly powers was true, which he doubted, he resolved to inhale it in its pure form. Gradually increasing the dose, he ultimately succeeded in breathing four quarts of the gas from and into a silk bag. He experienced a sense of giddiness, accompanied with loss of sensation and volition, a state analogous to intoxication, "attended," as he says,

by an highly pleasurable thrilling in the chest and limbs. The objects around became dazzling, and my hearing more acute. Towards the last inspiration the sense of muscular power became greater, and at last an irresistible propensity to action was indulged in. My gesticulations were various and violent. In ten minutes I had recovered my natural state of mind.

And what are we to say of the daring of the following experiment, at which he was again operator and subject. He was curious to know what effect drink would have on a person under the influence of this gas. He drank a bottle of wine in about eight minutes.

I perceived [says he] a sense of fulness in the head and throbbing of the arteries. I lost the power of speech, and was unable to stand steadily. In an hour I sank into a state of insensibility, in which I remained for two



hours and a half. I was awakened by severe headache and nausea, and my bodily and mental debility were excessive. In this state I breathed five quarts of gas for a minute and a half, but it must have been impure, for it had no effect.

He then respired twelve quarts of oxygen for nearly four minutes, without any material change in his sensations. The severe headache continuing, he respired seven quarts of quite pure nitrous oxide for two and a half minutes. After the third respiration the headache vanished. Brilliant ideas passed through his mind. He jumped and danced across the room: but languor and depression succeeded, which gradually wore off towards evening. In his treatise "Concerning Nitrous Oxide," he records its amusing effects on several of his friends. One of them danced about like a spinning-top, and got so pugnacious that he struck at whoever happened to be near him. Its influence on such chosen souls as Coleridge and Southey was by no means brilliant. They jumped and skipped about the room, laughing idiotically, every gleam of intelligence fading from their faces. The experiment on himself by which Davy proved that hydro-carbonate acts as a sedative was fearfully daring. It was no foolhardy bravado that was the motive power with him, but a love of scientific investigation. He says he was anxious to compare its effects with those of nitrous oxide. Emboldened by a first experiment, from which he felt no excessively painful results, he introduced four quarts of the gas into a silk bag. After a forced exhaustion of the lungs, and the nose being accurately closed, he made three breathings of the hydro-carbonate. The first produced a feeling of numbness, the second took away the power of vision and enfeebled the other senses, the third sent him away in a swoon, and just left him power to throw away the tube from his lips. After a short interval he recovered a little, and was able to whisper, "I do not think I shall die." Placing his finger on his wrist, he found his pulse beating with excessive quickness. In about a minute he was able to walk, but for an hour was weak and giddy, and conscious of a painful pressure upon the chest. His voice was feeble and indistinct. He suffered excruciating pain in the eyes and forehead. By the following evening he had entirely recovered his strength. The scientific and medical worlds have since turned these experiments to good account; but our purpose

is to note the intrepidity and daring of the spirit which could thus face death to establish a conjecture.

His contributions to the cause of chemistry were manifold and important, and have illumined all cognate departments of human knowledge. The achievement with which his name will forever be linked is his development of the laws of voltaic electricity. Second to this, but sufficient to have established the reputation of any half-dozen average men, are his discoveries in galvanism; his application of chemical principles to the art of tanning; his decomposition of the earths and alkalies and ascertainment of their metallic bases; and generally his elevation of agriculture to the rank of a science; and finally the invention of the Davy lamp, by which he takes his place among the benefactors of mankind. There was nothing of the accidental or haphazard in these discoveries. His inquiries into the secrets and laws of nature were conducted on true scientific principles, where the end is distinctly aimed at from the beginning. The initial steps were cautiously taken; but his power of reasoning from premisses to conclusion was so rapid, his mind was so nimble and sure-footed, that his discoveries seemed to himself to be an inspiration. It is this quality that distinguishes genius from talent. He reached the core of a matter while others were laboriously contemplating an avenue of approach. The rapidity with which he extracted the substance of a book was remarkable, and in keeping with his restless and impetuous temper. In the composition of his lectures, if he found on revisal a tautological expression, and his pen happened to be beyond easy reach, he would dip his finger in the ink-bottle and obliterate the superfluous word. Often had he several experiments going on simultaneously, and he would dash recklessly from apparatus to apparatus without regard to the havoc his movements wrought. In an emergency he would lay violent hands on anything within reach likely to serve his purpose. The broken utensil might be replaced, but the time lost in looking for a substitute never could.

His principal amusements were shooting and fishing. Of the latter he was specially fond. As a boy his pockets were filled with a tangled mass of fishing-tackle and chips of flint and other geological specimens. In his view, the love of fishing was the supreme sign and evidence of mental power, latent or devel-



oped, and if he looked up in reverence to any of the men of earlier ages, it was to Isaac Walton. It was as much Nelson's love of the angler's art as his naval genius and success that secured him the seat of sovereignty in Davy's admiration which he undoubtedly occupied. His conversation glowed with life and energy when he was led to discourse on his fishing adventures; but it died of a sudden chill when any one of his audience trumped his stories by more astounding and successful feats. Nothing mortified him so much as to find that the creel of any of his companions contained more fish than his. They used to laugh at his desire to excel as a sportsman, which he did not like. In defence he would say, —

It is not the sport only, though there is great pleasure in successful dexterity; but it is the ardor of pursuit, pure air, the contemplation of a fine country, and the exercise — all tending to invigorate the body and excite the mind to its best efforts.

Once he was discovered by some friends, sitting on a stile, rod in hand, and lashing the air with his fishing-line. At the approach of his friends he entreated them to stay back while he continued his aerial sport. Their patience exhausted, they went up to him and were saluted with the exclamation, "Was there ever anything more provoking! If you had only remained quiet another minute I should have caught him; it is most vexatious." On being asked to explain, he added: —

I have been amusing myself watching the feeding-habits of the dragon-fly: he snaps up the midges voraciously; so I baited my hook with one, and have had good sport trying to hook him, and if you had kept back a little longer I am sure I would have got him.

His work, "Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing," was written to relieve the tedium of convalescence from a dangerous illness; and the engravings by which the work is illustrated are from drawings by his own hand. It is replete with minute observations of nature, fish, and fishermen; ingenious explanations of common phenomena, and sagacious counsels on the angler's art. Science and sport kiss each other in it, while philosophy and poetry embrace. The following passage shows the conception and spirit of the book: —

HALIEUS. "Well, gentlemen, what sport?"

POIETES. "The fish are rising everywhere, but though we have been throwing over them

for a quarter of an hour yet not a single one will take, and I am afraid we shall return to breakfast without our prey."

HALIEUS. "I will try, but I will go to the other side, where I see a large fish rising. There! I have him, at the first throw. I land him and throw again, and behold! another; and I have no doubt I could take half a dozen in this very place where you have fished so long without success."

POIETES. "You must have a different fly, or some unguent to tempt the fish."

HALIEUS. "No such thing! If any of you will give me your rod and fly, I will answer for it I shall have the same success. I take your rod, Physicus, and lo, I have a fish."

PHYSICUS. "What can be the reason of this? It is perfectly inexplicable to me; yet Poietes seems to throw as light as you do, and as well as he did yesterday."

HALIEUS. "I am surprised that you, who are a philosopher, cannot discover the reason of this. Think a little. You give it up? Well, then, I must teach you. The sun is bright, and you have naturally enough been fishing with your back to the sun, which not being very high has thrown the shadows of your rods and yourselves upon the water, and you have alarmed the fish wherever you have thrown a fly. You see I have fished with my face towards the sun; and though inconvenienced by the light, have given no alarm. Follow my example and you will soon have sport, as there is a breeze playing on the water."

It is a pardonable delusion to fancy that the professional philosopher towers far above the prejudices of his age and station; that while ordinary mortals live and judge from passion and impulse, and are bitten by every passing frenzy, his spirit, reposing on sense and reason, dwells calmly and serenely in a world of its own, where no passion intrudes to distract and perplex. Such a philosophic frame of mind as this, is one of the rarest of human attainments; one that a life spent in scientific inquiry and examination into the causes of things, will certainly not of itself produce. Wisdom belongs to no profession, but to every man, learned or illiterate, lofty or lowly, who brings certain moral qualities to aid him in his interpretation of the meanings and relations of human life. There are many profound and successful investigators who lack this power of turning life into philosophy, incidents into principles, external changes into internal resources; and who, in spite of a glorious scientific career, die rich with none of that wisdom, and blessed with no share in that philosophic temper which experience alone can give; and experience means something else than the seeing, the knowing,

or the discovering of many things. These men are men of their time, led by its fervors, whether they be wise or foolish; domineered over by its prejudices.

Born and nurtured during the excitement of the Napoleonic wars, Davy drank in deeply the spirit of his age, and held as firmly as the stupidest clown in England to the faith that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen. When but an apothecary's apprentice, he flippantly observed, to the disgust of his auditor, Gregory Watt, a son of the great engineer, who for a short time lodged in his mother's house in Penzance, that he could demolish the French theory of chemistry in half an hour. The emperor Napoleon, in 1813, granted Davy permission to travel on the Continent, with a magnanimity worthy of his greatness and consistent with his well-known patronage of science. The French philosophers received him with the greatest cordiality and kindness; he repaid it by showing them plainly that he held them all in very low estimation. He received one of the most distinguished and venerable members of the Institute, who approached him with an air of salutation, without rising from his seat. Doubtless this want of amiability and politeness does not make his achievements as a discoverer less worthy of recognition; but it lessens the human love and reverence that would otherwise surround his memory. He died at Geneva, aged fifty-one years, and sleeps in one of its peaceful cemeteries, in sure hope of the everlasting waking. If his character lacked those finer qualities which captivate the heart and imagination, let us not ask him for what he had not to give, but accept with thankfulness the work he was sent into the world to do. We might wonder that men so perfect on one side of their nature, so dwarfed and stunted on the other, are sent among us, did we hold that existence here is a thing complete in itself, not the beginning of a story without end, or an education that never ceases. There is plenty of time in the world to come, into which we carry with us all the treasures of knowledge and experience we acquire here, to develop the possibilities of goodness and greatness which were left to slumber within us in this preparatory province of creation. And Davy has entered on a new career of being where, under more favorable conditions, his deficiencies in the nobler sanctities of humanity will be made up till he attain at last to the perfect man.

From The New Quarterly Review.

#### FUCINUS:

#### A LOST LAKE AND A NEW FOUND LAND.

HIGH up in the central parts of the Apennines, some two thousand feet above the level of the sea, once stagnated Lake Fucinus. Occupying the crater of an extinct volcano, surrounded by walls of craggy limestone, this land-locked lake received the rains and the snow torrents of the hills which environed it but which when once thus engulfed found no outlet by which to carry on their mission of fertilizing the earth and feeding the sea. Lake Fucinus, in fact, received all and gave nothing, and like most misers became a misery to those who should have benefited by the accumulated store. When the winter's snow and the spring's rains outbalanced the sun's power of evaporation the lake rose, spreading desolation and woe amongst the hardy Marsi who dwelt upon its borders; and when the summer's sun outbalanced the snow and rain its waters shrank, leaving a noisome margin, whose poisonous miasma slew the dwellers of the plain with a subtle death. And yet these Marsi struggled on still for life, and like all mountain strugglers became the more patriotic the more the difficulties of living in the country they loved increased. Brave, hardy, and sincerely attached to their unwholesome home, they struggled long against the growing Roman power, and were amongst the last of all the Sabine septa to succumb to the victorious conquerors. Even when conquered, they yet clung to the lake they loved and the goddess they had created for it. For in those long distant ages that feeling, a strong survival of which still exists among us, which attributes the incomprehensible to the exercise of divine power, led these long-suffering Marsi to seek for a deity to rule and govern their foe. Amongst the whole of the then existing polytheistic hierarchy not one could they find whose dealings with man were cruel enough to justify adoption by them, so they created another, and invested the memory of Medea with the attributes of divinity. She murdered the children she had nourished; and as mankind is crueler to man than ever were the gods, she was a fitting deity; so under her protection they placed themselves, styling her Angita. Temples to her were raised on the margin of their lake, but the new *cultus* was in vain, for though Angita taught her votaries how to cure the bite of serpents, yet she withheld from them

the knowledge of how to cure the more poisonous emanations from the shore of this dead sea, and was powerless to mitigate its wrathful risings, nor could she even preserve her own temple from its ruthless advance, and temple, town, and shrine were more than once submerged beneath its wilful waters, and the new-made goddess was a failure.

That which the gods had failed to accomplish, man now tried to master,—tried vainly at first, it is true; but, with more endurance than most gods possess, he has now, after eighteen centuries of attempt, succeeded, and the waters of Fucinus are troubled no more, for there are none. Where once was water is now dry land, and in place of fetid shore is a fertile plain in full culture, for Prince Torlonia, after two-and-twenty years of unremitting labor, has completed the great scheme Julius Cæsar contemplated, and Lake Fucinus is simply a geographical expression for a non-existent fact.

The history of this long struggle through ancient down to modern times is a very interesting one, full of heroism, even of romance, and worthy of being told much more fully than M. de Röttrou, Prince Torlonia's agent, and M. Brisse, the prince's engineer, have done in their privately published account of it.

The first initiation of the scheme for draining this high-perched lake is due to that great politician, Julius Cæsar, who, finding famine frequently knocking at the gates of Rome, even in his day, strove on the one hand to render the importation of foreign corn easier by cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, in order to shorten its transit, and on the other to increase the area of home cultivation by draining Lake Fucinus, thus rendering fruitful the vast plain of upwards of one hundred and seventy-three thousand acres it influenced. The dagger of Brutus cut short these good intentions, and prevented any attempt at the latter being then made. That famine Julius feared became year after year more clamorous, and the dearth which fell upon Rome during the first years of the reign of Claudius caused some of those preventive measures which had before been promulgated to be put in practice; so the drainage of Lake Fucinus was then definitely resolved on, and one of the most wonderful of the many stupendous evidences of Roman energy and Roman engineering was commenced. Probably there exists no contemporary work of theirs which so fully reveals the then state of geodesic engi-

neering as does this great attempt of Claudius. Enclosed by a rocky margin of higher ground, there was no natural outlet for the lake, nor was there even any valley leading down from this nest of Apennine hills through which a canal could be cut, the nearest natural stream which ran to the sea being the river Liris, a rocky torrent, which after a troublous course of well-nigh one hundred and fifty miles, flows into the Mediterranean at Mola di Gaeta.

To reach this stream it was necessary to pierce a tunnel some six thousand yards long, at a depth of nearly one thousand feet below the summit of Mons Salvanus. Even to survey a country thus acclivitous is no slight task, and yet such was the accuracy with which it was done, and such the wisdom of the choice of route, that the engineers of Prince Torlonia, the foremost of our day, could find no better course to take than to follow exactly the old line; nor did the distant outlet require other alteration than the lowering of its orifice some two feet, and this the rather that Prince Torlonia's scheme was a grander one than Claudius contemplated, than because its depth was not sufficient for the purpose then intended. Unfortunately the name of the skilful engineer who devised all this is lost to us. That he was able is evidenced by the revelation of his plans the new works have brought to light; but it is also evident that he was not entrusted with the carrying of them into execution. Had he been so, Lake Fucinus would have been conquered eighteen hundred years ago, and many of those famines which led, by their frequent recurrence, to the downfall of Rome, would have been avoided.

But in those days as in these, contracts, especially under despotic governments, were eagerly sought for by men who hastened to be rich. The court of Claudius was filled with such, and what chance had a scientific engineer to do justice to his work when these stood in his way? Moreover, at the head of these was Narcissus, the favorite freedman and parasite of the emperor, the confederate, and consequently afterwards the murderer, of Messalina, a prætor, and Cæsar's private secretary. He it was who undertook this work and he died worth 400,000,000 sesterces = 3,125,000/; it is not therefore surprising that the work was badly done. Where it was visible, the designs of the great unknown engineer were faithfully adhered to and the execution of them was careful and accurate, but beyond the

distance curiosity would lead an inquirer to pursue his examinations they were carelessly, culpably and "cheaply" carried out. And yet for eleven years thirty thousand men were constantly employed upon this imperial undertaking. What the cost was has never been recorded, *incenarrabili sumptu* being the sole rendering of the amount. That the cost must have been exceedingly great is evident from the fact that notwithstanding the forty air-shafts and the almost innumerable *cuniculi* or air-ducts constructed by the Romans were available to Prince Torlonia, yet he, with these advantages and all the labor-saving devices of modern days at his command, has spent fully two millions sterling in re-opening and enlarging Claudius's work. It is true it was not the intention of the emperor or his engineer to completely drain the lake. The power of the gods was yet a factor in statecraft, the Sabines too were a conservative race, and we have seen how, through good and through evil, the Marsi, who were of them, clung to their tormentor and the god they had made for themselves. The abandonment of a god a people had created for themselves was a thing which could not be contemplated, and the memory of the tumult which arose twenty-seven years earlier, when Tiberius proposed to drain the Velinian marshes and subject the local deities to drought, still dwelt in the memory of many of the emperor's ministers, so a good-sized pond was to be left for Angita to reign over. Although the total drainage of the lake was not contemplated, still, had the scheme thus designed been honestly carried out, the malign influence of the stagnant waters would have been destroyed, and prosperity would have reigned where poverty had so long held rule. But the scheme was not honestly carried out, and greedy speculation was allowed to ruin a great masterpiece of scientific skill. Like most crimes, however, it brought its own punishment with it, and, as we shall see, Nemesis claimed Narcissus in the end. Deep in the earth though they were hidden, these derelictions of duty manifested themselves so soon as the great tunnel had been called on to perform its purpose; the fact that the capacity of the whole was only the capacity of its narrowest part soon became manifested, and greed turned a triumph into a defeat.

After all these long eleven years of burrowing in the earth the day came at last when Narcissus could announce to the

emperor that the long-delayed and dearly-paid-for drainage could commence. Great were the rejoicings at the completion of this imperial work, and grand was the inaugural festival to be. A *naumachia* on the largest scale was to be held before the waters passed away, and a huge holocaust of victims offered to Angita as a donative in exchange for her realm. Timbers were dragged over the hills, two great fleets of triremes and quadriremes were built upon the shores, and nineteen thousand convict combatants gathered together to make this Roman holiday. Up to this high realm of waters came Claudius and his court, with cohorts of prætorian guards and the crews of the warships. Agrippina and her son Nero, whom she had planted where the emperor's child, Britannicus, should be, and of course a crowd of courtiers and courtesans, came also. A huge pavilion was erected for the court, and the hills which made this natural amphitheatre were crowded with the people who had come from all parts of the empire to see this goodly show. Cæsar arrived in his imperial purple, and the stately ambitious empress in her golden chlamys, and then the marching past began.

Onward came those nineteen thousand combatants, raising their voices as they pass the pulvinar. "*Ave Cæsar! morituri te salutant!*" they cry, and to them the ever-unready, forgetful Claudius, excited by the magnitude of the spectacle, gives the unwonted greeting, "*Ave! vos!*" Looks of surprise are exchanged, a whispered word passes, and with nods of intelligence the lines bifurcate; to the ships with the insignia of Rhodes some, and to those which bear the trinacria of Sicily the other, and when embarked as hostile crews there rises from the water a silver Triton. Cæsar makes his sign, a trumpet sounds, and — not a vessel moves, not an oar stirs, not a hostile cry arises, all is still, peaceful, silent. With wondering eyes the spectators turn to one another in mute surprise, the prophets of evil prognosticate ill, the old-fashioned worshippers of Angita smile in derision, and the emperor rises in a rage. Swiftly fly the messengers to the vessels and as swiftly return with the tidings that, taking the emperor's greeting literally, the combatants conclude that in wishing them health he had absolved them from seeking death, and an ominous murmur thrills through the crowd who had come from all Italy to see the show. Not bread but blood they wanted, and blood they would have; so

back flies the word to the vessels that die, fighting or not, these gladiators must, and the catapults and balistas are charged with bolts and stones to sink the ships if they move not. The prætorian guards surround the shore that none shall escape, and then, hope lost, the combatants agree that if die they must why 'tis better to die in the excitement of battle than to be sullenly drowned before a crowd.

The battle now began; and, criminals though the combatants were, Tacitus records that they bore themselves gallantly, until, when Claudius and the crowd were sated with carnage, and the lake was ruddy with blood, and when Angita was satisfied, the combat was stayed and the survivors granted their lives and liberty.

These functions over, the word was given to open the mouth of the tunnel. The flood-gates were lifted, and then the water of Lake Fucinus flowed for the first time from its rocky prison out to the sea. Only a little of it though—the believers in evil auguries were right—for that parsimony which had restricted the tunnel had also prevented the flood-gates being placed at a sufficient depth—a defect readily seen: and then the enemies of Narcissus pointed out to Claudius how little good, after all this expenditure, could be gained. Wrathful from the first troubles of the day, urged on by Agrippina, who hated her husband's secretary, Claudius turned in anger and dismay upon the peculant director; and it was all his long-used power of control could do, to obtain a few days' respite, to deepen and improve the channel at its junction with the lake. A few days' grace—days of anxiety to Narcissus—days and nights of unremitted toil to his legion of laborers— but days of revelry and nights of orgie to Claudius and his court; for Narcissus had built circuses and villas on the shores of the lake, and cunningly dissipated their disappointment by unceasing pleasures. These past, a second trial was made. The channel had been deepened and carried nearer to the lake, and over the reservoir which received the first rush of its waters a gorgeous pavilion had been erected, so that, whilst partaking of the luxurious banquet therein provided, Claudius could see the seething waters hurrying on to sea. Again, all was ready; again, a gladiatorial combat inaugurated the festival—on land, this time, though; again the floodgates were raised, and on came the mighty flood. But, alas! again came failure; for the too narrow channel under the mountain stayed back the flood,

which, rising in the reservoir, washed away the supports of the pavilion, and well-nigh drowned Claudius and his court in the whirling vortex beneath their feet. In the midst of the confusion, Agrippina alone retained her presence of mind, and used it to hurl reproach upon reproach on Narcissus's head, taxing him with treason, nor resting until she caused his banishment: nay, not even then, for shortly after she accomplished her final end, and had him murdered in Campania.

Such was the end of this great attempt, and such the punishment which fell upon the peculator. Choked with the *débris* of the wooden stage, abandoned to itself, the tunnel soon silted up; the lake resumed its erratic and baneful ways, and once again Angita reigned supreme. Thirty thousand men and about fourteen millions sterling had failed to unseat her.

Yet the need for conquest of this difficulty still existed; so again man tried. Trajan re-opened the duct, and Hadrian enlarged the orifice; and by these means a considerable reduction of the area of the lake was effected. White villas glistened along its shores—summer haunts of wealthy Romans—and plantations grew in the rich soil of its margin. But, deeply seated under Mont Salviano, the original evil yet remained. Gradually the water-way closed up; gradually the waters rose, submerging villas and plantations, driving back civilization and cultivation from its borders; and, in the long night which followed the setting of the Roman empire, Fucinus returned to its primal state of evil.

The attempts of the Cæsars were then forgotten; even Tacitus's account of them was lost; nor, until the thirteenth century, does any effort appear to have been made to redeem this nook in the high Apennines. Frederic II., then, and Alphonso V., some two centuries after him, achieved some few failures in this direction; and at the commencement of the seventeenth century, Fontana, the engineer who raised the obelisk in the Piazza San Pietro, was commissioned to undertake the re-opening of the Claudian tunnel, but which, after a year's work, he abandoned as hopeless. At the latter end of the last century, many schemes for effecting the drainage of the lake were propounded, but, until 1826, nothing was seriously attempted. Then, a Neapolitan officer of the engineers, Afan de Rivera, took it in hand, and spent nine years in examining and in endeavoring to re-open the choked-up channel. Money was, how-



ever, wanted — wanted in large sums, too — and this the Neapolitan government had not, nor was the condition of the country at that time such as to encourage private enterprise to carry out the scheme Afan de Rivera propounded; and so the matter rested for a quarter of a century more, when, under the auspices of the English engineers, Messrs. Hutton Gregory and William Parkes, a company was formed to reclaim and possess the land beneath the lake, which was then in one of its most destructive moods. The conditions inserted into the contract were, however, so one-sided, and the restricting clauses inserted by the government were so unfair, that again the scheme fell through; until Prince Torlonia came forward, and, buying out the original concessionaires, took the whole work upon his own shoulders.

With aspirations as large as his means, the prince determined to accomplish what the Cæsars had contemplated; and, having no fear of the dreaded goddess, Angita, before his eyes, to go still further, and drain the entire lake. For the fulfilment of this project, he sought the advice of the most eminent hydraulic engineer in Europe, M. de Montricher, who had just then completed the great and arduous works by which the city of Marseilles obtains its water-supply. M. de Montricher spent a whole year in studying the hydrometric and pluviometric condition of the country, and then placed two alternative schemes before his client: one chiefly based on the repair of the Claudian emissary, restoring and carrying out the intentions of the old Roman engineer, by which the whole bed of the lake might perhaps be kept almost dry; the other, more ambitious, proposed the widening and deepening the tunnel until its sectional area was double that the old Roman engineer had proposed, so that the lake could with certainty be entirely drained. Of course this latter was very largely the more costly, but, without hesitation, the prince adopted it, and in March 1856, the work was commenced. For twenty-two years since that time, it has been uninterruptedly carried on, and upwards of two millions sterling have been expended upon it. Difficulties of the most unforeseen character had to be encountered, for the infiltration into the old tunnel rendered its restoration and enlargement far more hazardous in many places than the construction of a new one would have been. How these difficulties were met and overcome, and how special methods were

adopted for their conquest, is well and technically told by Messrs. Brisse and de Rotrou; but there were even greater difficulties than these to overcome. Men, food, and materials had to be brought from long distances over what could scarcely be called roads; houses, stores, and workshops built; and, worst of all, first M. de Montricher fell a victim to fever and his zeal, and then his immediate successor, M. Bermont, died from disease of the heart, brought on by his long and anxious duties.

Angita was vengeful even to the last.

Then came the great political disturbances in Italy, and yet in spite of all these the work went steadily on, and one of the most valuable lessons taught by it is that in fairly-paid labor and certain work rests the true tranquillity of Italy: for during the struggles which ended in destroying the throne of the Bourbons and the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, the two thousand workers kept steadily at their labor even during those times when for months together it was not safe to send their wages to them. Even in that time of anarchy which succeeded this disruption, and when the country round about was infected with brigandage — this borderland between the Roman and the Neapolitan states, whence marauders could swoop down on either and then take refuge in its rocky fastnesses, remained free from this Italian curse. Six years of honest, well-paid labor had weaned even Italian mountaineers from the charms of vagabondage and of rapine, and Prince Torlonia, by his steady perseverance through all these political disturbances rendered a most patriotic service to his country. At the commencement of 1862 the works had so far advanced that it became evident that a partial drainage of the lake might speedily be attempted, and it therefore became necessary to mark out the boundaries of the property to be acquired; a matter of no slight difficulty where the littoral margin was subject to such spasmodic fluctuations, and the lawyers were for the time almost as arduously employed as the workmen. At length a boundary line was definitely determined upon, and statues of the Virgin were erected along it in each of the surrounding communes; *termes* more potent than any the votaries of Angita had ever set up, for the waters never passed the lines these new ones guarded. On August 8 of this year another festival was held on the bank of Lake Fucino, differing in form and in

spirit, but for the same purpose as that held by Claudius there eighteen hundred and eight years before. In the pavilion of the prince, which replaced that of the emperor, a mass was said and sung, the sign of the cross was given in benediction, the flood-gates were once again raised, the waters flowed, and in place of "*Ave Cesar*" rang out loud cries of "*Evviva Madonna*," "*Evviva Italia*," "*Evviva Torlonia*," from those hoping to live on new-made land instead of fearing to die in ebbing waters. For four hundred and seventeen days did the waters run their course, interrupted occasionally for a few repairs of the tunnel and from the fears of the fearful who lived along the Liris, fears soon proved to be false, and during these days 123,436,500,000 gallons found their way to the sea, reducing the depth of the lake some fourteen feet.

Along the land thus gained the mouth of the tunnel was still further protruded, and the lake again tapped in August 1865, when the waters were allowed to flow until May 1868, and in November 1869 the tunnel was finished. Nearly seven thousand yards it runs before it reaches the Liris, and for more than half that distance it is lined with hewn masonry in hard limestone, which is a veritable marble.

There still remained to be finished the regulating works at the head of the tunnel, and the canalization and surface drainage of the bed of the lake; works, though above ground, almost as wonderful as those buried under the mountains, and demanding special inventions for their execution in the oozy slime of centuries of deposit. Then followed the works of reclamation, and of the extent of these some idea may be formed from the fact that more than one hundred and thirty miles of roads have been made round and across the new found land, with sixty-two miles of canals and drains, and four hundred and two miles of ditches. By these means a cultivable estate of more than thirty-two thousand acres has been added to Italy and to Prince Torlonia's property. This now is divided into farms of rather more than sixty acres (twenty-five hectares), with farmhouses and buildings of the best arrangement for each. Churches and schools have been and are being built, and where once was desolation and disease, now fertility, industry, and health abound. Fifteen years ago the labor of the country wanted land, and emigration from this district was an

annual occurrence. Now the inhabitants of the plains come up to cultivate the land thus wrested from the waters, and when the railway from Rome, now in progress, is completed, the prosperity of this new found land will be enormously increased, and it will undoubtedly become a favorite summer resort for those whom fear and fever drive annually from Rome. Viewed in the light of a merely commercial undertaking, perhaps the drainage of Lake Fucino can hardly be said to be a success; the same amount of capital would certainly purchase a larger tract of already cultivated land almost anywhere in Italy, but looked upon from a patriotic point of view, it is hardly possible to estimate the value of Prince Torlonia's undertaking. When *Italia Irredenta* finds others like him to reclaim her Pontine marshes and make her Campagna healthful and fertile, she will then more truly *fara da se* than by attempting to gratify unattainable political longings by filibustering inroads on her neighbors' territories. Let her show herself capable of making the best of that she has, and then as "to him that hath shall be given," it is not improbable but that some of those perfervid aspirations she now indulges in may become political facts by the most blessed of all means, peace.

To reclaim these lands would not be half so difficult as has been the drainage of Lake Fucino, and in the hope that the prince's great example may lead others to follow in his patriotic footsteps, I heartily cry with the descendants of the Marsi, "*Evviva Italia*," "*EVVIVA TORLONIA!*"

---

#### HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

MR. AUGUSTUS MARKHAM GAVESTON strolled up the village when the children left him, looking curiously at all the cottages, till he came to the little white-washed country inn, which called itself the Markham Arms. The little gentleman was full of interest in everything. He stopped and looked in at the windows of the little shop, where everything was sold, from biscuits to petticoats—gazed in with as much interest as if it had been a shop in Bond Street. He crossed over the street to see where the post-office was, and to look at the smithy, where the blacksmith and his journeyman and ap-

prentice paused to push their caps from their foreheads and stare at him, as did also the groom from Westland Towers, very trim and fine, who had brought Mr. Westland's horse to have his shoes looked to. They all stared, and the stranger returned their gaze with smiling complacency, evidently thinking it quite natural that they should stare at him—a thing to be looked for. And the school-children stared at him whom he met on their way to the rectory. Mr. Augustus did not mind. He looked at them all paternally, patting the heads of some of the little ones. The little girls curtsied to him—as you may be sure in schools superintended by Miss Stainforth they had been taught to do—and this pleased him greatly. He took off his hat to them, which astonished the children as much as his white umbrella did, and the strangeness of his appearance altogether. The village was in a commotion, as was natural, by reason of the school-feast, and the arrival of so many carriages and visitors. Half at least of the houses were still pouring forth little bands in their best clothes; mothers and aunts standing at the door to watch the effect. So that it was a kind of triumphal progress which he made through the village street, where everybody was glad to have a new object to occupy them after the children had disappeared. The Markham Arms was not a much frequented inn; but it was as clean and neat as it was quiet and homely, and there was a pretty little parlor with a bow-window, all clustered with the common sweet clematis, the travellers' joy, and honeysuckle, into which Mrs. Boardman ushered the stranger with secret pride, yet many apologies.

"There is a bigger room up-stairs, sir; but if so be as you could do with this till to-morrow —"

"It is the very thing I want," he said; and he bade her send some one to the station for his portmanteaus. "Only the portmanteaus. I don't want the big cases."

This dazzled the landlady, and indeed there were found to be three large cases besides the portmanteaus, cases so large that it was all the little station could do to afford them shelter and safety. John Boardman fetched the other boxes himself, and was duly impressed by this evidence of wealth. The name on the luggage, as on the little gentleman's card, was Markham Gaveston; but whether by some freak of the uninstructed artist who had written the name in bold characters

of print upon the cases, the Gaveston was small, and the Markham large, so that there was some doubt in the minds of the people, both at the station and the inn, which was the name to call the new-comer by, and, what was still more odd, when they asked him, he only laughed and answered, "Which you please," which confused them more and more. He informed John Boardman, however, that he was a relation of the family, but had been in foreign parts all his life, and had never seen Markham before; and, as he brought in the boys from the Chase to dine with him that very evening, there could be no doubt as to the justice of this claim. Also the landlord had a letter to put in the post for him that night which was addressed to Sir William Markham at Oxford. He must be a relation, but who was he? For the next two days the village was very much disturbed by this question. There were old people in the place who were proud to think that they knew Sir William's relations better than he himself did; but who this little gentleman, and what was the degree of his cousinship, they found it very hard to make out. He laughed once more when he was asked if he was "a full cousin," or a more distant relation.

"Something of that sort," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as if this was a capital joke. He was so constantly about, and so ready to make acquaintance with everybody, that in two days the whole village knew him; and this question weighed upon the mind of the community.

At last one of the old women in the almshouses, who had spent half her life in the nursery at the Chase, by dint of almost superhuman cogitation, found a clue to the mystery. She remembered that one of the daughters of the late Mr. Markham of Underwood, who was "full cousin" to Sir William, had gone abroad after she became a widow, a very long time ago. No doubt she must have married again and become the mother of this little brown gentleman, who no doubt looked older than he was, being so spare and so brown. This was an explanation that satisfied everybody. The lady's name had been Willoughby when she left England, but what of that? It took a weight off the mind of the village to have the stranger thus made out and set in his right place.

And during the three days he spent in the village, Mr. Markham Gaveston made acquaintance with everybody. His curi-

osity was insatiable. All day long he strolled about and questioned everybody. When he saw old Sophy coming from the woods with her bundle of sticks, he insisted on knowing where she got them, and how she got them, and all about her. Nothing escaped him. He found out that it was Lord Westland's groom that was at the smithy when he passed, and that the horse belonged to the Honorable Mr. Westland, and that the Honorable Mr. Westland was always finding errands to bring him to the rectory. This information he picked up by the way, as one to whom all news was pleasant; but the Markhams were the real objects of his inquiries. And when the landlady proceeded to intimate that Mr. Westland might save himself the trouble, since Miss Dolly cared more for Mr. Paul's little finger than for all his grandeur, and his title, the little gentleman at once owned the stronger spell.

"So there's a love-story going on, is there?" he cried briskly. "Mr. Paul! that's my young relation, I suppose? Are they going to marry? Come, tell me all about it. This interests me."

"Oh, *marry*, sir; bless you! No, it ain't gone so far as that," Mrs. Boardman cried. And she had to protest that there was nothing but "idle tales" in what she had said — her own silly fancies, as she added, with anxious humility, and bits of gossip among the servants. "You won't say as I said it, sir," she said. "I wouldn't be the one to make mischief for all the world, nor vex Miss Dolly, as good as she is; and most likely my lady wouldn't like it, and I don't say nothing for Mr. Paul neither. He is mostly away; it isn't what you could call keeping company. Oh, if us women hadn't got no tongues, what a deal o' mischief 'd be spared."

"That's what I'm always telling you," said John.

"I tell the men's worse," said his wife, going on. "Us women, we lets a thing slip, and never thinks; but the bad stories, them as set folks by the ears, they always comes from the men."

This amused Mr. Markham Gaveston greatly. He clapped his hands and encouraged them both to continue.

"Ah, ha, John!" he said, behind the good woman's back; but John shook his head and retired. He knew better.

And Mrs. Boardman wiped her hands on her apron, and went off "to see to my dinner." The dinner naturally was not hers, but her guest's, who was a small

eater — much too small an eater; a single chop was all he had for lunch, a chicken served him two days for dinner. There was little credit in cooking for any one who was so easily satisfied. To be sure he had suggested one or two eccentric dishes to her when he came, which Mrs. Boardman had never heard of, and which she had declared could not be half so good for any one's "innards" as a plain joint; but since this the stranger had made no remarks, eating what was set before him without remonstrance, but too little of it to please his hostess. He was much more greedy of news than he was of his dinner; and this last piece of information cost him a great deal of thought.

Next day, the third day of his stay at Markham Royal, Dolly Stainforth had a little expedition to make by railway. Though she was far from being an emancipated young lady, and though her father was very careful that she should have in general all the tendances and guardianship that her position required, yet to be always accompanied by a servant on the little journeys which she made periodically to see an old aunt only two stations off, was a burden Dolly could not consent to, for which reason it had become the habit at Markham Royal to appropriate a vacant carriage to the use of ladies — a carriage over which the guard was supposed to watch, defending it from all male intruders. Into this compartment old George, the manservant at the rectory, carefully placed his young mistress; and all went on as usual till the very moment before the train started, when old George was gone, and the attention of the guard distracted; the door of Dolly's carriage was suddenly, swiftly, noiselessly opened, and a little gentleman, in loose, light-colored clothes, jumped in.

Dolly was so much startled that it was a minute before she found her breath, and in that minute the train had glided from the station.

"I fear I have frightened you," the stranger said.

Dolly was not at all frightened, but she was true to her father's precautions.

"Oh, no; but this is a carriage for ladies," she said.

"Dear me, what a pity!" cried the little man; but it was easy to see by his countenance that he did not think it a pity. "I am a stranger here," he said, "a stranger in England. I don't know all your ways. I will change at the next station if I am disagreeable to you."

"Oh, no," cried Dolly, horrified to be supposed guilty of rudeness. "It is not that. It is only that I am supposed always to travel by myself. Papa insists on a ladies' carriage. But it does not at all matter," she added, with a glance that was not flattering to the special intruder in question. "Nobody could mind——"

Dear, dear! Dolly thought to herself, this is ruder still; and blushed crimson.

The stranger, however, did not draw from this any conclusions which were humiliating to himself. People are not so close to mark our looks and words as we imagine them to be. He smiled serenely, and as the train was now plunging along in the fussy yet leisurely manner common to a country train which stops at all the stations, resumed, with an air of great satisfaction and complacency, —

"I am very glad you don't mind, for I came into the carriage on purpose — because I saw you get in. I wanted to speak to you," said Mr. Markham Gaveston, with a genial smile.

Then Dolly began to quake a little. Was he mad — or what did he mean?

"Do you know me?" she said, faltering.

She had heard of the stranger at the Markham Arms, but had not seen him.

"I have the pleasure of knowing who you are," he said, taking off his hat with the utmost politeness. "My little — relations, the little Markhams, pointed you out to me."

"Oh," cried Dolly again, "then you are ——"

"Yes, exactly," he said, smiling, "that is what I am. I am from the tropics, and I do not know much about England. If I say anything that is very unusual, I hope you will excuse me. It is very disagreeable that they should be away just when I have come so far to see them."

"Yes," said Dolly, hesitating. She could not refuse to answer him; but to discuss her friends with a stranger was a thing against which her heart revolted. "They did not expect to be away; it was quite unexpected," she said.

"And I have no reason to complain, for they did not know I was coming. All the same, one may say it is disagreeable, don't you think? I have to put up in the inn, instead of being in my — instead of being among my own people."

"Do you know the Markhams, sir?" said Dolly.

She had a way of saying "sir" to men whom she considered old men; but hap-

pily Mr. Markham Gaveston did not know what was his title to so respectful an address.

"I know the little boys and the little girls," he said. "I could wish there were no more."

"Why?"

Dolly turned upon him with a flash of indignation, with eyes wide open and lips apart.

"Ah! what a silly thing to say, wasn't it?" he said. "You may be sure I couldn't have meant it. I want you to tell me about the others — the eldest girl and the boy."

"I! tell you — about the others!"

Dolly grew pale, and then red again. Either he must be mad, which had been her first thought, or else ——

"Yes," he said, quite calmly, "don't be frightened. I want to have a good account of them, and that is what has brought me to you."

Once more Dolly stared at him in consternation. She wanted to be angry and think him impertinent, but he was not impertinent.

"Don't be frightened," her strange companion went on. "I want to hear all that is good of them. They tell me that I won't hear anything that is not good from you."

"Mr. — sir! How can I talk," cried Dolly, with crimson cheeks, "of my friends to you? I — don't know you. Why do you want to question any one about them? Who told you I would say nothing that was not good? Does anybody think," cried Dolly, her eyes flaming, "that I would say either good or bad, for any one, that was not true?"

"I cannot answer so many questions at once," said the little gentleman; "besides, that is not what I want; I want to ask, not to answer. I want to know about my — relations. When I see them, perhaps they may not be very civil to me; they may think me a bore."

"Oh!" cried Dolly, "certainly they will be civil. Alice is too kind for anything else, and Paul — Paul is a gentleman," she said, raising her head. A softness came over the girl's eyes. She had no thought of betraying herself, perhaps indeed she was not aware that there was anything to betray; but in spite of herself, a certain subdued and dreamy glow, a kind of haze of golden light, came into her brown eyes at Paul's name.

"Well, that is something," said the stranger; "you don't think, then, that they will take to me much? but because



the one is kind, and the other a gentleman —”

“That was not what I meant. Am I to pay you compliments to your face?” said Dolly, stopping short and looking suddenly up, half-impatient, half-amused, into her companion’s face.

“Certainly, if you wish to,” he cried, promptly. “Oh, yes — do not be shy. I should not at all mind a compliment or two: indeed I think I should like them. Do not stand upon ceremony. If you can say seriously that you think me so nice that Alice will like me at once, and your Paul claim me as a brother —”

“He is not my Paul,” cried Dolly, with another hot blush. “I do not like such a way of speaking. And, Mr. —”

She paused for his name, but the little man was malicious, and would not give it. He nodded his head two or three times.

“Just so,” he said. “That is quite right,” smiling with a mischievous smile.

“Mr. Markham,” Dolly said with a burst. “If that is not your right name, it is not my fault. How could Paul receive you as a brother? You must mean as — an uncle perhaps. Do you know that Paul is only just come of age, and Alice is but six months older than I?”

“Ah,” said Mr. Markham Gaveston, stroking his moustache, “I did not think of that,” and he looked at her with an expression half-comic, half-sad, slightly discomfited there could be no doubt. From this he shook himself free, however, and asked suddenly, “How old may Sir William be?”

“Sir William? Oh, quite old,” said Dolly. She gave a furtive glance at him this time, anxious to keep on the safe side, and making a calculation in her own mind how old this little brown gentleman himself could be. Fifty, sixty? these two ages were much the same to Dolly. There was not to her any appreciable difference in their extreme oldness and far-offness. Even forty was very old. Her mind wandered hazily, confused in these gray and misty heights. “He is not so old as papa,” she said with hesitation, “for papa, you know, was his tutor at college; but he is a great deal older than Lady Markham. He did not marry till he was about — I don’t quite know how much — about forty, I think I have heard people say,” said Dolly, with a certain awe in her voice.

“And that seems quite old to you?”

“It is old to be married, is it not? And Lady Markham was so beautiful, everybody says. She is beautiful still.

I don’t know any one so lovely. I tell Alice often, though I love her dearly, she is not half, oh, not a quarter so pretty as her mamma.”

“How does Alice like that? She will not like it much I should think. I should not say that if I wanted her to like me.”

The disdain with which Dolly erected her small head, and looked at him!

“That only shows,” she said, “how little you know. Any girl would be a great deal more proud of her beautiful mamma than if she was ever so pretty herself. And Alice is very pretty. She has the sweetest eyes you ever saw. Quite blue like the sky — the deep sky. Not this little bit of open blue,” she said, pointing upwards to the hazy gray-blue of heat: “but the deep, deep blue — the blue blue behind the clouds. Everything about her is pretty; but she is not so handsome, so beautiful, as Lady Markham. Being beautiful, and being pretty, are two different things.”

Her companion did not pay much attention to Dolly’s reflections. He broke the thread of them quite abruptly by asking all at once, —

“And Paul?”

“Paul!” Dolly raised her slight figure bolt upright as though she had been fifty. “You are very much interested in Paul, Mr. — Markham; but then you don’t know them. I care for Alice most.”

He answered by a laugh. What did he laugh at, this very strange, disagreeable little gentleman? Dolly had thoughts of turning her back upon him, of saying no more to him, of requesting him to change into another carriage at the station which they were approaching. But after all she did not want to be rid of him. She could not help liking to talk about the Markhams. What could be more natural? Were they not her oldest friends? her nearest neighbors? the people to whom she owed most of her pleasures? It was not doing any harm to them; on the contrary, it might be doing them good. Dolly tried to remember, though her heart fluttered, whether she had ever heard of any rich uncle or benevolent relation who might intend to surprise them, to come home *incognito*, and find out their characters before he left them all his money. If this was so, might it not be the very highest advantage to talk of them? Mr. Markham Gaveston was the ideal of a rich uncle travelling *incognito*, such as appears now and then in novels. Perhaps he might intend to represent himself as a poor, not a rich, relation, in order to

try them. Dolly smiled within herself as this idea crossed her mind. Then indeed it was quite certain whom his money would come to! He would be received as if he were a prince. Lady Markham and Alice would not know how to do enough for him. They would try to make him forget his imaginary troubles; they would comfort him for all his losses. If this was what he meant to do, Dolly smiled to think of the certain issue. Before she came to this smile she had made a long circuit in her thoughts, and had half or wholly forgotten the laugh which had for a moment roused her indignation. And when he saw her smile, her companion took it as a sign of amnesty, and himself resumed the conversation.

"Come," he said, "you have told me about the ladies; now, if you please, let us return to some one more important. I want to know about Paul."

"Is he more important?" said Dolly, doing her best to move her pretty upper lip into a semblance of scorn; then she dropped from this point of proud disdain, and admitted in a cheerful tone, "I suppose he will be to gentlemen. I do not know Paul so well; that is natural. He has been away a great deal—not always at home like Alice; he was at school first, and now he has been nearly three years at Oxford. I have seen him only in the holidays. That makes a great difference," said Dolly, demurely. She looked at him with quiet defiance. If he thought she would betray herself a second time! And Mr. Markham laughed too. They established a little tacit confidence on this point, not that Dolly would have owned to it for any inducement; but yet the stranger was quick, and understood.

"Shall you go and stay with them," she said, beginning to carry the war into the enemy's country, "when they come back?"

"If they will have me," he said.

"Oh, I am sure they will have you. If you take my advice, Mr.—Markham, this is what you must do. Pretend to be quite poor. Say you have lost everything, and that instead of coming to England rich as you had hoped, you have come with nothing. Oh, what fun it will be," cried Dolly. "I will back you up in everything you say. I will pretend you told me about it. Do this, Mr. Markham, and you will see what will happen."

"What would happen in many houses would be that I should be turned to the door. But how do you know that I am not poor? then it would be no fun at all."

Dolly's laugh was a pleasure to hear; it was so honest, and simple, and clear. She had no doubt whatever on the question. Her theory explained everything so delightfully. She did not even take the trouble to reply to this suggestion. She said,—

"We are coming to the Pemberton station. Do you mean to change here as you said?"

"I will go certainly, if you turn me out."

Here Dolly's laughing countenance suddenly clouded over. She cast at him a quick glance of entreaty.

"Oh, no, don't go, don't go," she cried. And then she added, in a tone of annoyance, "I think everybody is travelling to-day. Some people are always travelling. It is horrid," cried Dolly, "to see the same faces and hear the same voices wherever one goes."

The cause of this ebullition of temper was easily explained. It was George Westland, very deprecating and humble, who had opened the carriage door.

#### CHAPTER XX.

"GOOD morning, Miss Stainforth."

"Good morning," Dolly replied, with a forbidding face.

"Is there any room in your carriage? I am going only as far as Birtwood."

"There is always room in my carriage," said Dolly, "for it is a ladies' carriage. This gentleman got in in a hurry just as we were starting, but he is to leave if any ladies come and want his place. I could not let any other gentleman come in, but if Ada is with you —"

George Westland's countenance fell. It was a heavy and not a lovely face, but there was feeling in it, and a flicker of hope and pleasure had made his eyes bright. Now the light went out of it suddenly. He uttered a blank "Oh!" of disappointment and stood looking at her with a vacant look. Her companion in the carriage was not a likely person to excite any young lover's jealousy, but yet —

"No, Ada is not with me," he said, fixing an anxious look upon the stranger, who had retired to the other window, and was ostentatiously abstracting himself from the conversation. (She would surely never have anything to say to a bit of a little old fellow like that, poor George thought within himself.) He lingered at the window, not knowing what to say more, for conversation was not his forte. At last he remembered a subject which could not fail to be successful. "Have

you heard," he said — "but of course you must have heard — that Sir William is ill? He has been to Oxford — something about Paul. What Paul has been doing, I don't know," the young man went on with increasing vigor, "but something to make his people uneasy. And Sir William is ill; some one said just now they were bringing him home to-day."

"Sir William ill! Oh, no, I have not heard anything about it. It must be a mistake," said Dolly, "for I am sure the children did not know, and they would be sure to hear."

"I am afraid it is quite true," said the young man. But with this he had to make an abrupt disappearance, as the train was about setting off again. When he had gone Mr. Markham Gaveston drew near again from the other end of the carriage.

"I did not want to interfere with your conversation," he said, with comical demureness. "He was not so bold as I — I did not ask leave. But indeed, poor young man, as I am already in possession it would not have done him very much good."

Dolly did not think it necessary to take any notice, and the distance to Birtwood was very short and left little time for further talk. Her companion, on his side, did not take any notice of the news about Sir William, which Dolly hoped was not true. "The Westlands always know before any one else if there is anything the matter with the Markhams; they seem to like to tell one," she complained, with a contradiction of her own hope. But though he had been so profuse in his inquiries before, the stranger said nothing more now. A certain sternness had crept into his brown face; the habitual smile, half-mocking, half-complacent, died away from his mouth, his upper lip set firmly upon the other. But Dolly, who was not very deeply interested in the Markhams' relation, did not notice these changes.

Birtwood was a railway junction, an important place in those regions. All the traffic of the district, all the comings and goings, had to concentrate there. Through all the county it was well known that you were more apt to see your friends at Birtwood than anywhere else. It did not matter where they were going, everybody passed by this point of union. People met as they crossed each other to take the trains up and down; there were all sorts of little services which one could render to another; and it was said that

many marriages had been made and friendships cemented during the intervals of waiting which were inevitable, in the tedium of that new ill to which modern flesh is heir to — the necessity of waiting for your train. The train in which Dolly and Mr. Markham Gaveston were was a little local train, and therefore used with indignity. It was pushed about, now to one side, now to the other, before it was permitted to approach the platform, another more important line of carriages being brought up and allowed to disgorge its passengers before the very eyes of the other travellers who were kept behind, making little runs up and down, though they had arrived before the train which was thus preferred to them. Dolly, though she was used to this, felt it incumbent upon her to put on a show of indignation, for she did not want a stranger to suppose that this was how the trains from Markham Royal were always used. "I will make papa write about it," she said. She was standing in front of the window when at last the train drew up, obscuring the sight from the little man behind, who took it patiently enough. When, however, Dolly uttered a little cry, and leaning out head and shoulders made eager signs to some one already standing on the platform, exclaiming "Oh, Alice! Alice! wait a moment," his interest was instantly roused.

The moment the carriage stopped the girl precipitated herself out of it, and rushed towards two ladies who were waiting. Mr. Markham Gaveston made no attempt to follow. He placed himself at the window of the carriage and looked out, his brown face wholly changed in aspect, his eyebrows contracted, his lips set firm. Two women, mother and daughter, one in full maturity, the other in the sweetest bloom of youth, with their face turned towards a third person, who came slowly along leaning upon the arm of a young man. Dolly, rushing towards them, was received by the other girl with a hurried gesture of her hand, half salutation, half intended to draw the new-comer out of the way; while the elder lady took no notice, her face, which was full of anxiety, being turned towards the advancing group. All the people about followed more or less that anxious look, and the officials of the place were crowding round in respectful attendance. The spectator at the window, who had grown very pale through his brownness, saw an old man walking slowly and feebly along, leaning heavily upon his companion's arm. He

seemed to say something as they made their way along, for the young man turned round and waved his disengaged hand to warn the bystanders away. The blood rushed into Gus Markham's ears, tingling and throbbing, as he saw this little procession pass, so close to where he sat at his window that he could have touched the chief figure. Sir William was ashy pale, his under lip drooped, one of his hands hung with a look of useless limpness by his side, he shuffled slightly with one foot. The air of a man stricken and broken down as by some great blow was upon him. The spectator gazed with the strangest pang eagerly, keenly at the face he had never consciously seen before. Not a doubt of who it was crossed his mind. He had expected to meet him coldly, perhaps to be received with doubt and antagonism; but it had never occurred to Gus's somewhat superficial but not unamiable spirit that anything tragical would be involved in the encounter. Gradually, indeed, a sense of matters more serious than had ever dawned upon him before had been invading the kindly self-satisfaction of his nature. Now he sat and gazed as under a spell. They had shown him Sir William's portrait at the Chase. Was it he that had made the difference between that self-possessed, dignified, imposing little statesman and this broken and suffering old man? Gus gazed as one who cannot detach his eyes. The whole scene passed before him like a picture. The beautiful, anxious woman, gazing with such circles of trouble round her eyes, watching every step her husband made; the beautiful girl, putting her young companion aside, watching her father creep along through the sunshine; the young man — but here Gus's thoughts broke off short. Was that Paul? It did not seem to him like the idea of Paul which he had got from all that had been said. The young man was not like any of the others. He had none of that "family look" which distinguishes even in unlikeness members of the same race. His face was serious, but not anxious like the others; he had an air of kind solicitude, not of family trouble. Was it Paul? Was it Sir William's heir? They passed slowly before him, all the rest of the faces round looking after them, turned towards them, making them the centre, as this far more deeply interested spectator did.

He felt himself drawn after them, he could not tell how, and stole quite quietly out of the carriage as soon as they had passed. They were going further on to

another train — a special one — which was going back to Markham Royal. Gus followed slowly among the other bystanders, walking as near the principal persons as he could, following as at a funeral. Was it his doing? Was it his fault? He heard the murmurs of the people with a strange sense of guiltiness. "He's aged ten years," he heard one say to another, "since the other day." "Ah, sons has a deal to answer for," said another. This speech went buzzing through his mind like a winged and stinging insect. It hurt him, though nobody could have thought of him in saying it. He saw the sick man put carefully into the carriage, watching every movement, and feeling as if he himself were hurt by the little stumble of his foot as he went in — the jar of unexpected motion in the train. Lady Markham passed him slowly, as he stood looking with a woful face, deadly serious and awe-stricken, after the sufferer, and looked at him with a grateful glance, seeing what she thought the sympathy in his eyes. But it was not sympathy; it was a far stronger, more personal feeling. He stood gazing while everything was arranged for Sir William's comfort, and started to hear his voice coming out of the midst of the anxious group. It was not much he said — nothing, indeed, but a "That will do — that will do!" half-querulous, half-grateful. But the sound gave the looker-on a shock; it sounded to him reproachful, almost terrible. He kept standing there, staring, seeing nothing except the man whom he had never seen before — whom, for all he knew — was it possible? — his letter had killed.

Then suddenly the sound of others came to his ears — a whispering conversation. The two girls were behind him, not conscious of his presence.

"Very ill," one was saying. "Oh, Dolly, yesterday we thought he would have died. But he is so much better now. The doctor was quite perplexed; he said he never saw anything so momentary; he could not call it a fit — it lasted so short a time. He thinks in a day or two he will be quite well again."

"Alice!" said the other's whispering voice, "don't tell me if it vexes you; but I will never — never say a word. Oh, tell me! I can't think of anything else — was it Paul?"

"Paul!" with a tone of indignation. Then the voice softened. "Dolly, dear, I know why you ask. Paul has been — very — wilful: he has given us a great deal of grief. I don't know how to tell

you. But it was not Paul. Oh, there have been so many things—and he had letters—that worried him."

"Was that all?"

She was standing close by the man into whose ears these words sank like a stone.

"Everybody," said Dolly, "is worried by letters; and now that he is safely here, you and your mamma will be able to take care of him, and keep everything that is bad for him out of his way."

"I hope so," said Alice, doubtfully. And then she passed Gus Markham so closely that her dress touched him.

He withdrew from the touch hastily, and looked at her with anxious eyes. If she had known! but she did not look at him; far less had she any thought that he was involved in the catastrophe that had happened. He stood quite still, paying no attention to Dolly, watching them as Alice joined her mother in the carriage. Then he hurried on to another compartment and got in. What a home-coming it would be—the children that had been so merry subdued and silenced at once—the big house that had looked so powerful, full of apprehension and trouble! He got into one of the carriages that followed, with a sense that nothing could disassociate him henceforward from this troubled party.

Dolly, standing wistful on the platform to watch her friend go away, caught sight of him, too, as the train passed, and a gleam of wonder shot over her little pale face. Yes, they would all wonder no doubt. It would seem strange—very strange to everybody. But it was clear that wherever this party went he must follow them. His lot was cast in with theirs, once for all.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### THE CIVIL CODE OF THE JEWS.

##### I.

THE civil laws of the Jews, as expounded in the Talmud, are as little known to the vast majority of scholars as the principles of the criminal code to which we recently drew attention. These enactments are, however, no less interesting than are the penal provisions of the rabbins; and they are even more significant and valuable as throwing into bold relief the salient features of the social system and general economy of the Jewish commonwealth.

For these ordinances and their applica-

tion the Talmud is our only authority. A system of civil law, practically speaking, is wholly wanting in the Pentateuch. Certain principles referring to debts and pledges, and divorce and oaths, are embodied in the five books of Moses. But these principles are few and vague; the subjects are alluded to by implication rather than directly. The deficiencies of the Mosaic scheme in this respect are markedly apparent to modern jurists and jurisconsults. Tested in fact by the ordinary requirements and daily exigencies of a people engaged in either agricultural or industrial pursuits, the civil laws of the Pentateuch are not merely inadequate, they are non-existent. How is such a defect to be accounted for? The answer is not far to seek. Moses enacted new laws only when the practices already adopted by the Jews were not in consonance with his humane and cultured instincts. Only then did he alter, extend, and amplify, as his sense of justice or as his training and experience among the Egyptians suggested. The Pentateuch must be read between the lines; the truth of the platitude before enunciated—for it is nothing more—will then become apparent. When, for instance, a high priest is forbidden to marry a divorced woman, or, under specified circumstances, a man is forbidden to divorce his wife at all, it is self-evident that divorce under certain fixed conditions, or in accordance with certain established precedents, must have been in vogue among the Jews. Yet these conditions or precedents are not to be gathered from the inspired text. Again, when the people are warned against false oaths, and oaths in certain cases are ordered to be administered, it is equally evident that the practice of affirmation upon oath was recognized among the Hebrews even then. The nature of the adjuration is nowhere indicated by Moses; nor the manner in which the affirmation is to be made in ordinary cases; nor by whom—plaintiff or defendant or witnesses, or by all three of these. Similar argument applies to most of the ordinances of the Pentateuch referring to matters of which the civil code would necessarily take cognizance. In almost every case such injunctions refer by implication to usages already established and laws already accepted. Only when these were not in harmony with the views of the Hebrew legislator did Moses formulate a new principle in his written code. The body of custom and usage and unrecorded practice manifestly underlying the Pentateuch



was handed down orally from father to son, and ultimately became the basis of the Jewish civil code. These oral laws were never wholly lost, never entirely forgotten. Even during the captivity in Persia the head and front of the Jews' offence was, in the words of Haman, that "their laws were different from those of every people." These enactments, gathered and collated and expounded by the rabbins, were subsequently incorporated in the Talmud.

Moreover, many of the prescriptions of the Mosaic code required emendation when practically applied. As in the case of criminal enactments, many of the ordinary injunctions, if strictly adhered to, would have been productive of hardship and even of injustice. For instance, the remission of all debts in the seventh year would have operated inequitably in the case of workmen employed towards the end of the sixth year. If their wage remained unpaid on the last day of the sixth year their claim, according to the Pentateuch, was afterwards invalid. Hence workmen and laborers, as such, were exempt altogether from this law. Again, in the case of theft the Mosaic law would at times have pressed harshly upon unforgiving persons. For instance, a man stole a beam of wood or the trunk of a tree. He sold it in a distant village. The buyer used the beam or trunk in building a house or barn. The theft was subsequently traced, and the wood proved to have been stolen. Now the Pentateuch ordained the actual restitution of the thing stolen. Was the victimized purchaser therefore to pull down his house or his barn in order to restore the property to its rightful owner? Or, supposing the buyer had used the wood for the purpose of making tools or implements for sale — was he to lose time and labor, and perhaps money expended in manufacturing a marketable commodity? In such and similar cases the Talmud enjoined not the restitution of the wood or the articles made of it, but payment of its value. It will be seen, therefore, that the practical application of even the few prescriptions of the Pentateuch coming under the category of civil laws can only be gathered from the compilation of the rabbins which explains them.

The great body of the civil code of the Jews is contained in the three tractates — Massechthot — of the Talmud, known as *Baba Kama*, first entry; *Baba Metzia*, second entry; and *Baba Bathra*, third entry of the division termed, not inap-

propriately, *Nezikin* — damages. The first-named of these, *Baba Kama*, treats of (1) damages to property resulting from negligence or non-compliance with prescribed laws; (2) theft and robbery and burglary; (3) robbery with violence and injuries to the person. The second, *Baba Metzia*, lays down the law regarding (1) things found; (2) the modes of acquiring property; (3) wages and conditional contracts; (4) loans, usury, and interest; (5) guardians and trusteeships and fiduciary agents; (6) distraint and seizure of property; and (7) treats also of workmen and employers. The third treatise, *Baba Bathra*, deals with the laws affecting (1) the sale of fruits and seeds and agricultural produce; (2) rights of way, and the dimensions of buildings (where one undertakes or contracts to erect any); (3) the sale of estates and farms and fields, and the legal meaning attaching to the descriptions of such property; (4) the laws of succession and inheritance; (5) covenants, agreements, leases, and rents; (6) communal administration, partnerships, and the obligations of neighbors; (7) prescriptive and acquired rights; (8) the sale and acquisition of immovable property (houses, etc.); (9) guarantees and suretyships; and, lastly (10), the laws affecting the relief of the poor, the sanitary condition of towns, the police and their duties, and slavery. This is a sufficiently extensive list. But we have in addition a treatise, *Kethouboth*, belonging to the division *Nashim*, dealing with the laws of marriage; and another, *Sheboubth*, regulating the administration of oaths.

It must not be supposed that any one of the treatises named confines itself to the discussion of the laws we have specified as appropriate to each. Far from it. Digressions are frequent and not very intelligible. Arguments crop up in each tractate upon matters treated and seemingly exhausted in another subdivision to which the subject properly belongs. Hence reference has constantly to be made from one to another — often to several others — of these Massechthot before a satisfactory decision is discovered or a correct inference can be drawn. To present to the modern reader a connected and comprehensive yet succinct view of the Hebrew civil code, this crude and insequential mass must be collated and digested, and then rearranged in accordance with modern notions of order and method.

The general principles upon which the

civil code embodied in the Talmud is founded are few but suggestive. In the first place it is necessary to point out that theft—from petty larceny to sheep-stealing and cattle-lifting—burglary, and even robbery with violence were among the Jews infractions of the civil laws only. The criminal code did not take cognizance of these offences. They entailed no punishment; restitution of the property stolen and indemnity for the injury inflicted in cases of robbery with violence being the only penalty attached to the commission of either or any of these crimes. Assault and unlawfully wounding or maltreating and mutilating the person of another were also offences against the civil laws. These cases resolved themselves into ordinary lawsuits in which the plaintiff sought to recover damages or compensation from the defendant for the injury received or for the indignity suffered. The leading principle of the laws purely civil, as we nowadays understand them, was the responsibility of every man for his own neglect or inadvertence. This must be clearly explained. If a farmer permitted his cattle to stray into a neighbor's field which was in any way damaged in consequence, the owner of the cattle was responsible. He could not plead that the field into which the beasts had strayed was unfenced; and that the plaintiff was a contributory to his own hurt in that he had not taken any precautions to prevent stray cattle from entering his property. How far this principle was carried will appear when treating of the laws bearing upon the subject. Another peculiarity of the Jewish civil law was that compensation could not be claimed for non-appreciable damage—that is, where the plaintiff had not actually suffered pecuniary loss or personal injury. Any hurt or damage indirectly caused could not come under the cognizance of the civil law. For example, if an ox was stolen from a farmer during the busy time of the year, when the animal was required for field labor, and after a time the thief was discovered, the latter could only be compelled to return the animal or pay its equivalent; he could not be condemned to indemnify the owner for the loss he had suffered consequent upon being deprived of the beast's service in ploughing or bringing in the harvest. Again, the Hebrew laws took cognizance of acts only, the saying or writing of anything injurious or hurtful to a neighbor's reputation being a violation only of the moral code. Insults, threatening and

abusive language, and libel were not offences. There was but one exception to this rule that words—*i.e.* anything said of another—could not constitute a ground of civil action. This exception is suggestive, and, being the only one, is the more noteworthy: it was the case of a man who accused his wife of unchastity before marriage. When this charge was proved to be untrue the husband was not only obliged to pay an indemnity for his slanderous libel, but he was chastised in addition. This, too, was the only instance in which the Talmud made a departure from the principle therein laid down never to inflict two punishments for one and the same offence.

Another fact in the administration of these civil laws is highly significant. Suitors could always have their plaint decided according to either law or equity. As in the case of all legal and juridical systems, the prescriptions of the code might in isolated cases prove unjust or oppressive: the enactments of the rabbins, though framed with forethought and care, would not provide for every contingency. Whenever an action was to be tried the judges therefore urged upon the suitors the advisability of having their cause decided in accordance with equity. Should the law appear harsh and uneven in its incidence, the tribunal, having the consent of the plaintiff and defendant, pronounced a sentence upon the merits of the case, ignoring the law. The rabbins possessed, moreover, the right to give judgment in a form which of itself tended to prevent the acceptance of inequitable and unjust verdicts. They could, besides discharging or condemning a suitor, declare that a party was "acquitted by the laws of man, but guilty by the laws of Heaven." Among a people whose severest punishment was to merit *Mitha biy'dl Shammain* (death at the hands of Heaven) this was of obvious import. Few would care to take advantage of the unjust incidence under special circumstances of any particular enactment, at the risk of such an expression of opinion on the part of the tribunal.

The regulations for the taking and administering of oaths are contained in Massecheth Shebouoth, and are among the most curious provisions of the Talmud. To understand them clearly and appreciate their peculiarity, it must not be forgotten that it was accounted sinful among the Jews to take an oath—even if true—whenever by any possibility such a course could be avoided. Hence the prac-

tice, common to every other known legal system, of swearing the witnesses in any trial, ordinary or criminal, was unknown in that of the Hebrews. The simple statement of a credible person not disqualified by the rules of evidence always sufficed when the testimony of witnesses was imperatively necessary. To swear the opposing parties in a lawsuit was repugnant to Jewish prejudices and contrary to Jewish principles. One of the two persons concerned must be in the wrong; hence either the plaintiff or the defendant would take an "oath in vain." To attach the name of the Creator to a statement necessarily false was abhorrent to the orthodox Jew. This was by every means to be prevented. Therefore in every cause tried, no matter how grave or important, no matter how great the magnitude of the issues involved, only one of the two suitors — either the plaintiff or the defendant — was required to make his affirmation on oath whenever this was absolutely necessary in order to comply with the ordinances of the law. According to the Hebrew code this necessity could only arise when there were no witnesses on either side or when only one was forthcoming in support of either party. Only then was an oath administered in accordance with the prescriptions of the Talmud, and never under any circumstances was an oath administered to both the parties concerned in a cause which had to be adjudicated upon.

There were two kinds of oath: the Biblical, *midoraitha* — that prescribed in harmony with the injunction of the Pentateuch — and the rabbinical. The former was based on the Mosaic ordinance (Exodus xxii. 10) which provided that any one who had taken charge of a neighbor's goods, and had lost all or part of the effects entrusted to him, should swear that he himself had not laid hands on his brother's property. This oath could never be taken for the purpose of affirming the liability or indebtedness of another. It could only be used in order to purge the affirmant himself of any kind of responsibility. Hence it was never administered except to the defendant in a cause, who was invariably compelled to take the Biblical oath in the three following cases. First, when the plaintiff produced one witness in support of his claim — say a demand for a debt — and the defendant denied his indebtedness. In this instance the defendant would be forced to swear that he did not owe the money demanded of him. Secondly, when a man

had taken charge of a neighbor's goods and these had become spoiled or were damaged. In such a case also the owner would compel the other — as defendant in an action to recover the value of the property — to declare upon oath that he had taken proper care of the things entrusted to his custody. In default of so doing he was bound to indemnify the owner for any deterioration in the value of his property. Thirdly — and this embodies the leading principle of the Biblical oath — when a plaintiff sued a defendant for a specified sum of money, and the defendant pleaded part-indebtedness only; for instance, if the plaintiff claimed one hundred zuzim and the defendant alleged that he owed only seventy-five zuzim, then the creditor could compel the debtor to swear that he did not owe the remaining twenty-five zuzim. This will suffice to indicate the general rule followed in the administration of the so-called Biblical oath. The practice was the same in all cases where goods were claimed instead of money. One condition, however, was absolutely essential, that the acknowledgment of indebtedness should have unmistakable reference to the claim made. That is to say, the thing which the defendant admitted owing must be identical in kind with that for which the plaintiff sued. If five measures of barley were claimed, and the defendant admitted that he borrowed only three, he could be compelled to take oath that he did not owe the remaining two. But if he admitted that he owed three measures not of barley but of peas, no oaths could be administered to him. If the claim was for two different kinds of goods — say barley and cheese — and one was acknowledged to be due to the creditor, the defendant could also be made to swear that he did not owe the other. These oaths were, however, only compulsory in the case of disputes having reference to personal property. In lawsuits affecting the possession of land or slaves no oath whatever could be administered.

There are some other noteworthy exceptions to the rules formulated respecting the Biblical oath. A person who found any property belonging to a neighbor could not be compelled to swear that there was not more than he had restored; for if he had been dishonest he might have retained the whole. And a Jew who acknowledged to a deceased neighbor's heirs his indebtedness in any stated amount — other proof of the debt being lost — could not be obliged to affirm on

oath that he did not owe more than the sum he named: if he had not been conscientious he could easily have denied the debt or ignored it altogether. Those who took charge of a neighbor's goods without receiving any payment for so doing — that is, simply as a matter of accommodation or kindness — were also free from the obligation to take an oath in the event of the goods being damaged. Nor was it necessary to swear any statements made in cases where the litigation was in respect of things growing in the earth, such as trees and plants. It will now be understood that the Biblical oath was invariably administered to the defendant in any cause where he admitted part of the claim preferred against him, or where the testimony of one witness was deemed equivalent to an acknowledgment that the pretensions of the plaintiff had *prima facie* good foundation. It could not be taken by either a woman or a youth under age.

The rabbinical oath — *hesseth mide-rabbanan*, as the Ghemara terms it — was taken by the plaintiff in certain cases to establish his claim. It was imposed upon the defendant, however, when he declared that the sum demanded by the pursuer had already been paid in full. This acquitted him. He might, however, in the circumstances compel the plaintiff to take the rabbinical oath in justification of the demand. If the plaintiff complied, the defendant was condemned to pay the amount in question. When the defendant denied that he had ever borrowed anything, and there was no witness forthcoming, no oath was administered to either party. It was regarded as matter of suspicion, and the tribunal dismissed the case. The rabbinical oath was taken by the plaintiff in the following cases specified in the Mishna. A workman who claimed wages due to him for his labor was obliged to swear that the amount for which he sued was unpaid. When any person had illegally entered the house and seized the property of another, the owner took the rabbinical oath as to the amount of damage caused by the unlawful acts of the wrongdoer. A plaintiff who accused another of wounding or assaulting him was (in addition to bringing certain corroborative testimony) compelled to take oath as to the truth of his allegations against the defendant, in order to gain a verdict. A shopkeeper in respect of his transactions — *i.e.* in the position of creditor towards his customers; partners in respect of the profits they

respectively made in their transactions (but not after once dissolving the partnership); guardians in respect to the property in their charge and the goods entrusted to their care; a creditor in respect of any claim he preferred against the estate of a deceased person — all these were compelled to take the rabbinical oath.

Before the Jewish tribunals every civil cause, it will be seen, resolved itself necessarily into a question of liability or non-liability in regard of the damages sought by the plaintiff. It is evident that the oath would in all these cases be administered to the plaintiff or defendant according as the latter admitted partly or resisted wholly the demands of his opponent. If the defendant admitted part of the claim against him, he was compelled to take the Biblical oath in respect of the remainder. If he denied his indebtedness, he could either take the rabbinical oath himself or impose it upon the plaintiff. If he took the first course, he was acquitted; if the latter, he was condemned in the whole amount for which he was sued. There is but one other regulation having reference to this subject which requires to be noted. If it so happened that two actions were pending between the same parties — the plaintiff in the one being the plaintiff in the other — then, if the defendant was obliged to take the Biblical oath in one case, he could also be forced to swear to his statement in the other case. This is termed oath by *ghilgal* in the Talmud.

The oath was always taken standing. To this rule there was no exception. There was no difference whatever in the Biblical and rabbinical mode of adjuration, either as regards the formulæ made use of or the manner of administration. The party who was called upon to swear to the truth of his asseverations rose from his place and stood up in the presence of the three judges who constituted a civil court of justice. His head was always covered, in accordance with the prescription of the Mosaic code, and his *talith* — outer garment with fringes (*tzitzith*) — was wrapped round him. A scroll of the Pentateuch was then placed in his hands: if a *talmid chacham* — a disciple of the sages — the phylacteries (*tephillin*) sufficed. The senior judge thereupon addressed him: "Know," said the rabbin, "that the solid globe trembled when the Most Holy — blessed be he — pronounced on Mount Sinai, 'Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in

vain.' To swear falsely is an unpardonable sin. He who commits this crime is not only punished himself, but he brings punishment upon his family; and not alone upon his family, but upon the whole land; and know, too, that the punishment is swift." Here a pause was made. If the person to be sworn refused to proceed, he was permitted immediately to quit the court; his refusal being accounted an acknowledgment of his indebtedness or liability. If, on the other hand, he elected to be sworn, the officers of the court exclaimed, "Depart from the tents of these wicked men" (Numbers xvi. 26) — to take an oath, even if true, being considered a sin if it could possibly be avoided. The suitor was then again cautioned by the judges. "Know," they said, "that you swear not in accordance with any meaning you temporarily or for your own purposes attach to the words you use; but that you take oath as God hears you, and according to the sense that we attach to the statements you make and the truth of which you solemnly attest." This warning, it may here be noted, seems not to have been wholly uncalled for. It is recorded in the Ghemara that a civil process was brought before Rabba. An oath had to be administered to the defendant — the debtor in the case — that he had returned the amount claimed by the plaintiff. He was in the habit of carrying a thick staff; this he hollowed out prior to the trial, and inside he placed the money due to his creditor. This he brought into court with him when he appeared before Rabba. Just before he was to be sworn, he turned round to the plaintiff: handing him the staff, in which the money was concealed, he asked him to hold it a few moments while he took in his hands the phylacteries, which were indispensable according to tradition in order to legalize the oath. He now swore that he had returned the money before due to the plaintiff, who lent it to him. Then regaining possession of his staff, he quitted the hall. The matter subsequently became known. It is not a little strange to find this story, which had become traditional among the Amoraim more than fifteen centuries ago, reproduced by Cervantes in "Don Quixote." He relates it as occurring before Sancho Panza when governor of Baratania, and precisely as we find it recorded in the Talmud. He who took oath among the Jews called upon heaven to witness that his statement was true. He invoked "Jehovah" himself; who might be named

by any one of the attributes predicated of the Deity by the Hebrews and used to designate the Creator, such as omnipotent or all-merciful or eternal. The repetition, however, of either of the simple particles of affirmation or negation, as "Yes! yes!" or "No! no!" was regarded among the Hebrews as equivalent to the most solemn declaration upon oath.

From The Graphic.

REVOLUTIONARY LAUGHTER.

THE history of the last hundred years might well produce the impression that a revolution is no more than a casual episode in the life of a nation. In France they can number them up to half-a-dozen; Sweden has had one; Spain has had two; Hungary has had one; Holland has had two; Italy has had one. In Mexico and the Spanish States of South America they would consider life unbearable without a periodical outburst of destructive energy to "clear the air." Even in the tropical revolutions of South America, if the causes were only made patent, there is little that is episodic and accidental. All modern revolutions have a lineal connection with the century which established Protestantism, and whose great revolution has been reappearing ever since in various forms and shapes throughout Europe. In all of these there has been loud enough laughter to fill the ears of listeners in quiet constitutional countries, where it was the good fortune of institutions to remain fixed on a stable basis. But the character of the laughter has not been such as to challenge a cheerful analysis. It has been the rather monotonous repetition of one form of it. In the spring of '71 Europe listened to the last of it ascending from behind the barricades of the Place Vendôme and the Place de la Concorde, when the Versailles troops were kept at bay by the wilder spirits of the Commune. But such laughter was the mere vulgar ecstasy of men and women, partly intoxicated by common stimulants, partly made mad by the carnival of lawlessness. It had more of the hyena than the human being in it; its immediate inspiration was blood, and wine, and fire. Revolutionary laughter of that order only deserves attention as a phase of bestiality, which recurs at every epoch of uproar. It is only removed from the common phenomenon of street rowdiness by the accident that behind it there is an aspiration



of some sort in the direction of social and political change. Those, however, who share the aspiration are least likely to carry the petroleum; the dirty work of the revolution naturally devolves upon the class which is mainly concerned with the primary wants of hunger and thirst.

To get at the true revolutionary laugh one has to ascend to the historical epoch which severs the modern from the mediæval world. It is in the earlier part of the sixteenth century that its tones are best heard. In Germany, France, England, and Scotland it has different characteristics, according to the nature of the persons who indulged in it. But at least six men laughed in common, though their ways in life lay apart, and though their views were far from harmonizing. Luther and Ulrich von Hutten kept it up in Germany; Rabelais was hard at it in France; Erasmus and Sir Thomas More in England; Sir David Lindsay in Scotland. None of the six take their place as men who barbed epigrams, or who perpetrated witticisms for their own sake; yet in the mass their writings present a most robust and wholesome development of humor. They had a double task to perform between them, and, according to the individual bias of the men, one or another direction was taken. Their century presented them with two crying forms of abuse in two different spheres, which would yield to nothing but well-directed laughter.

The Church of Rome had become corrupt from the papal chair down to the remotest parish stall in Europe. University teaching was limited to an order of study which kept alive the lifeless dogmas of centuries spent in a paralyzing adherence to scholastic phraseology. It was reserved for some of them to free Christendom from scandal by fixing the stigma of ridicule upon those who had brought the Church so low. For others of them the task was to bring back the great heritage of art and philosophy which had been shelved and forgotten amidst the more barren pursuits of mediævalism. To liberate the Church from greed and licentiousness was the special work of Luther, Von Hutten, and Lindsay. To bring back the voice of classical civilization and to give it pre-eminence in future study was the work of Erasmus, Rabelais, and More.

To appreciate the volume of humor projected by these workers in the great

epoch of modern emancipation, it has to be admitted that the laugh was always on the right side. None of them—not even the decorous Erasmus—escaped from the tendency of their epoch to make a gross joke when opportunity offered. Discounting that tendency, however, as inevitable at the time, one sees in the ecclesiastical and scholastic life of the period full justification for every note of hilarity that was raised. The relations of the Church to the populace was not essentially different in Scotland, Germany, and France. It operated in each country as a vast administration for collecting taxes. The mendicant in Lindsay's "Three Estates" complains that

The vicar took the best cow by the head  
Incontinent when my father was dead.  
And when the vicar heard how that my mother  
Was deed, fra hand he took fra me ane uther,  
And when the vicar heard tell my wife was  
deed,  
The third cow then he cleiket by the head.

Vicars were atrociously addicted to it, and it only needed Von Hutten's "Complaint and Exhortation against the Extravagant Power of the Pope," and Luther's Elster "Theses" to make men determine that it was high time they were told to keep their hands off other people's cattle. Greed and hypocrisy were the justification of revolutionary ridicule in the ecclesiastical sphere. In the scholastic the pedantry of the *trivium* and *quadrivium* and the innate laziness of the old style of scholar justified the shafts of Erasmus, Rabelais, and More.

The true revolutionary laugh, then, the laugh of strong men foreseeing hypocrisy confounded in the fall of systems, anticipates the event of revolution itself. But the grosser phenomena of revolution have only an accidental connection with those who indulge the laugh. To Sir David Lindsay succeeded the vandal mobs of Cupar and Lindores. After Luther came the peasant outrages of Zwickau and Wittenberg. Neither of the men in question had sympathy with these emanations of destructive energy. They were opposed to all they aimed at in undertaking the exposure of abuses. But it has always been the fact that one man's laugh is another man's indignation, and in a great epoch of change the indignation of the ignorant goes out as annihilation and destruction.